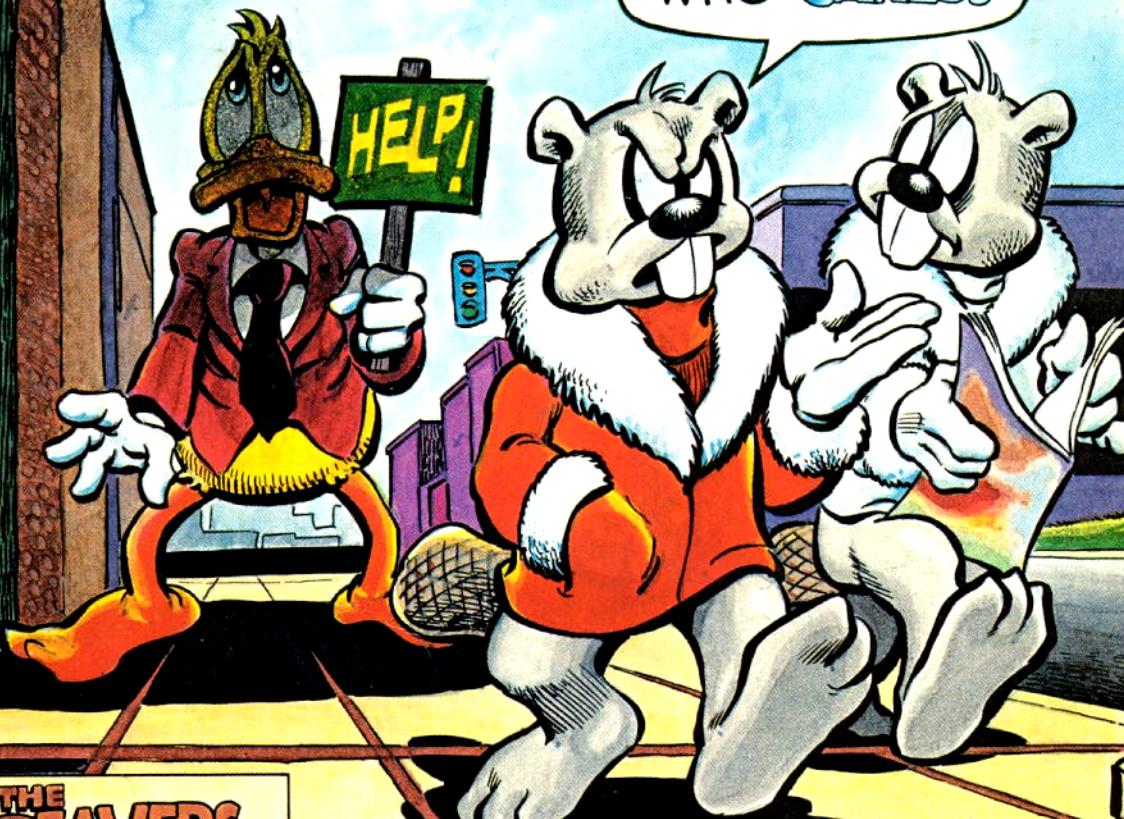


\$1.25  
ISSUE  
#3

# QUACK!

DUCKS?!

WHO CARES?





22 March 1977  
Hayward, CA

Welcome again.

Please note that after late June of 1977 that we'll be moving Star\*Reach Productions down to the San Diego area. You'll be informed of an exact address in the first set of new releases after the move. Hopefully our regular production schedule won't be interrupted.

We've been able to put this issue together a bit faster, just three months after the last one. I hope we can continue at this pace.

This is an active month. Along with this issue, STAR\*REACH No. 8 and PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 3 are being released. I'd like to make a particular plug for PUDGE, my personal favorite comic book. One presumes that you're reading this issue because you're out for chuckles and thrills. If so, then you're definitely gonna enjoy PUDGE. Artist/writer Lee Marrs has developed a character universally loved (look, I'm male and skinny as a guitar neck and I identify with her) and presents it in an art style that's all its own. There's nobody in the world who draws like Lee and I'm particularly proud to be publishing this, her great contribution to American folk art.

(See, Stan, see, Jenette, I can lay on the hype as well as anyone!)

When I started writing these editorials three years back I promised myself I wouldn't be so stupid as to publish advance information unless I was sure the news would be correct later on. Well, I've done it. There's no duck story from Frank Brunner this issue, as I promised last time, nor is there likely to be one for the near future. Frank's been waylaid by a maurading Cimmerian barbarian for the nonce and it's more than reckless to guess when advanced silliness will strike him again and he presents his "ultimate duck story".

However, you must've noticed by now that we've got a whole flock of ducks for you this issue anyway, though not quite the way you've ever seen them before. It started first with Mike Gilbert's idea for a "Duck Death" story, then coincidentally Ted Richards came up with this mad-doctor duck (a "quack", naturally) and when Dave Sim submitted his "Beavers" strip, I knew there was a trend here. So quickly I commissioned a cover from Dave and — er — smoothed the feathers of Steve Leialoha (who's originally been cajoled into doing another Rabbit Wonder story for the cover) by allowing him to ink and color the cover, as well as do the back cover.

Scott Shaw and Ken Macklin contribute stories which have nothing to do with ducks, which may be all to the good, considering the treatment they're getting elsewhere in this issue.

Another promise I made myself, broken too many times already, is to keep the deadline pressure away. Well, it's 2 a.m. and this is due at the typesetter's at noon and I need some sleep. See you in three months.



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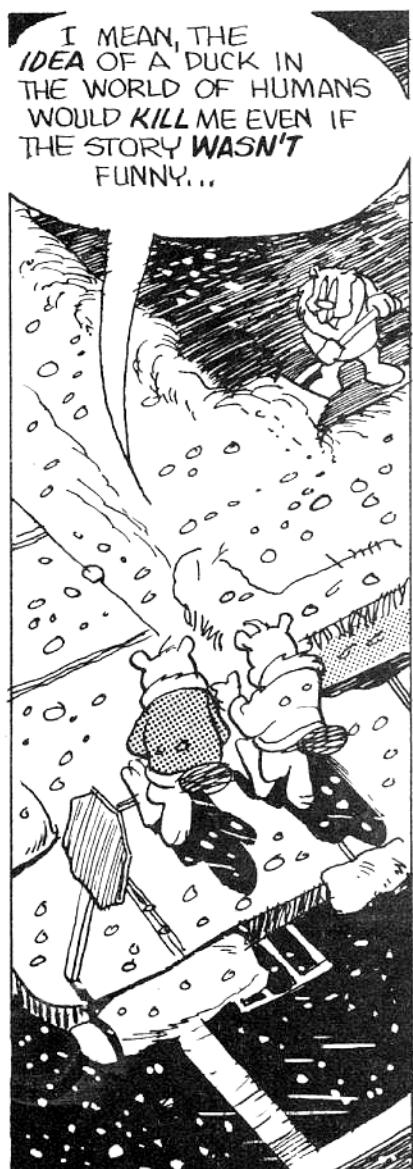
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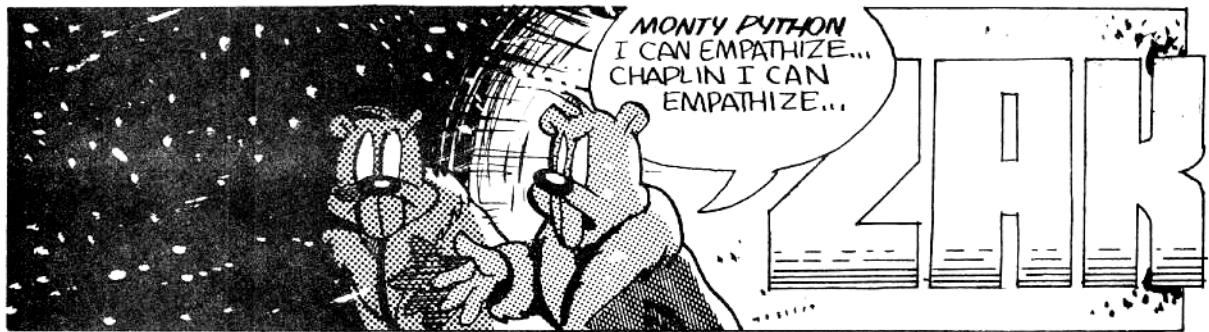
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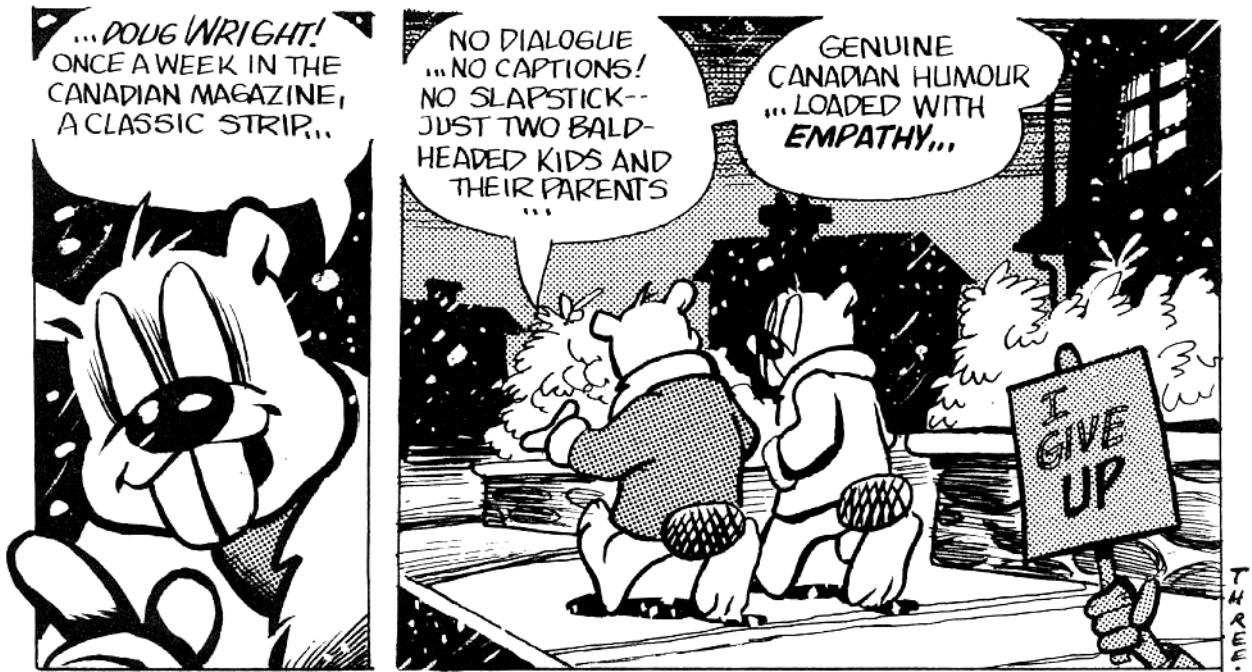
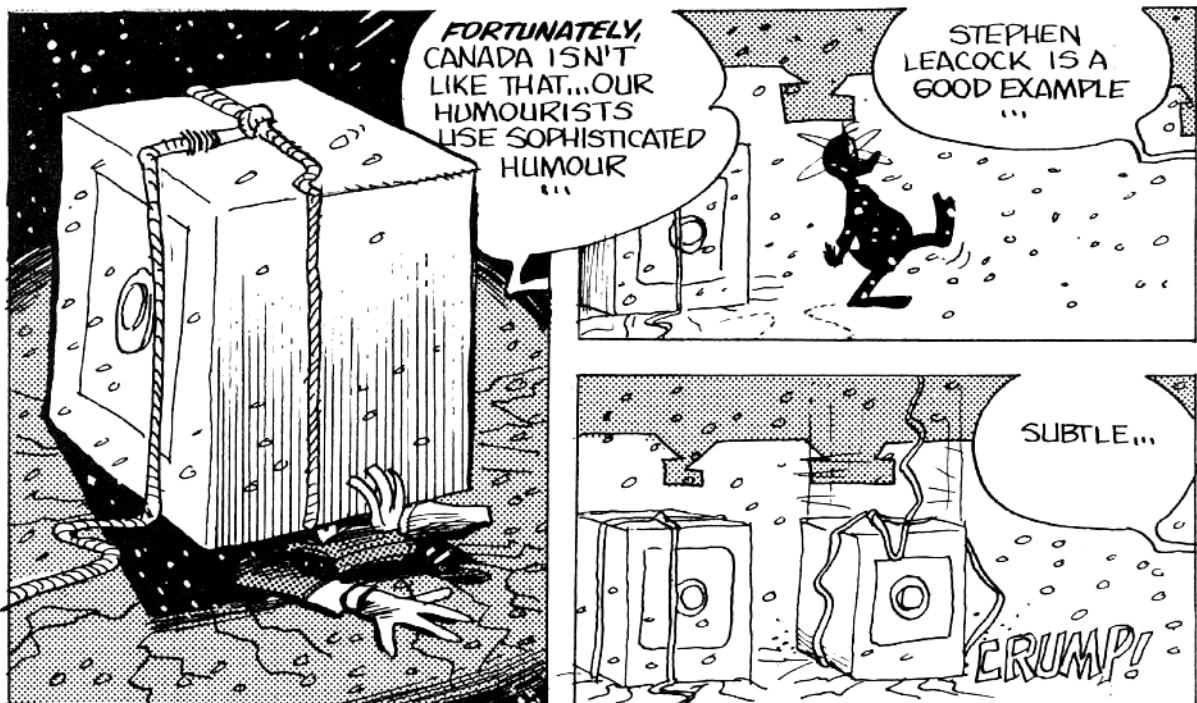
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IT IS IMPORTANT  
THAT AS CANADIAN  
COMIC CHARACTERS  
WE ARE PART OF A  
**HISTORY** OF PANEL  
ART SOPHISTICATION  
AND EXCELLENCE.

IT IS A GREAT  
HONOUR AND A  
RESPONSIBILITY  
...

YESSIR...

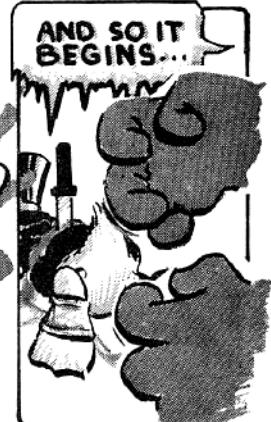
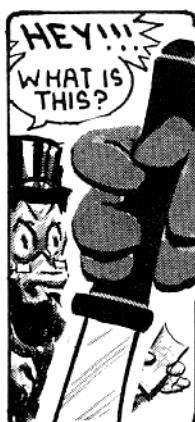
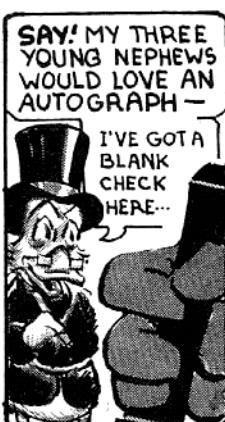
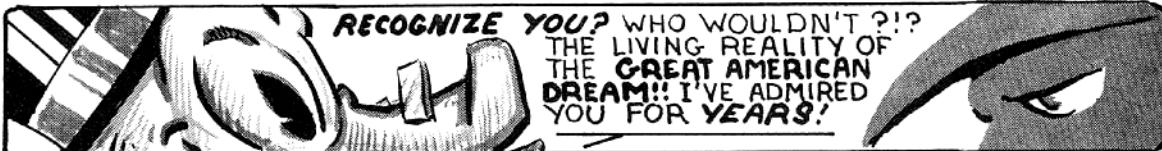
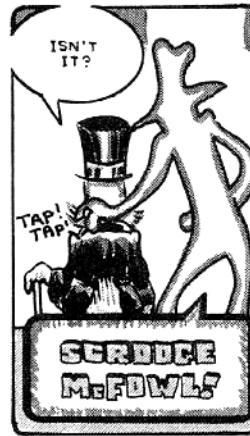
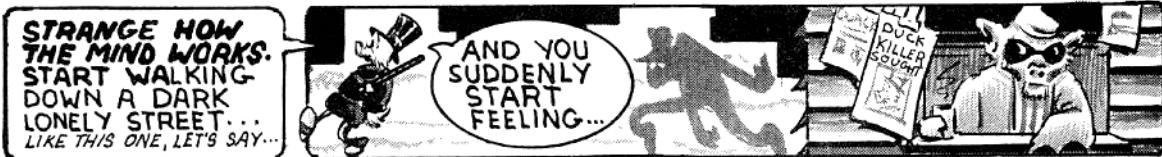
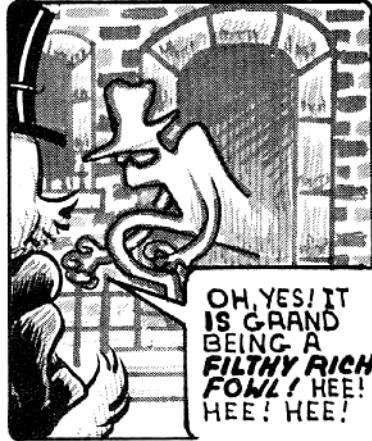
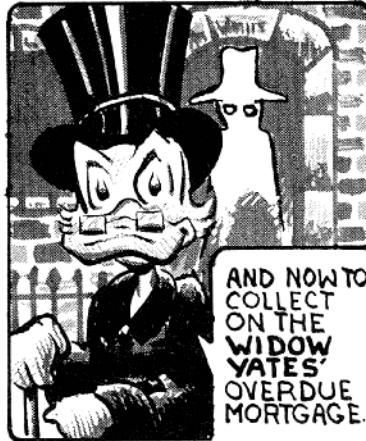
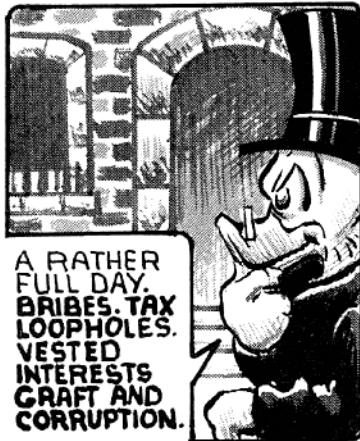
AND WITH  
ENOUGH TASTE  
AND JUDGEMENT  
...

WE CAN  
MAINTAIN  
THAT TRADITION  
FOR MANY YEARS  
TO COME!

SIM 11

FIN

# INTRO- DUCK- TION



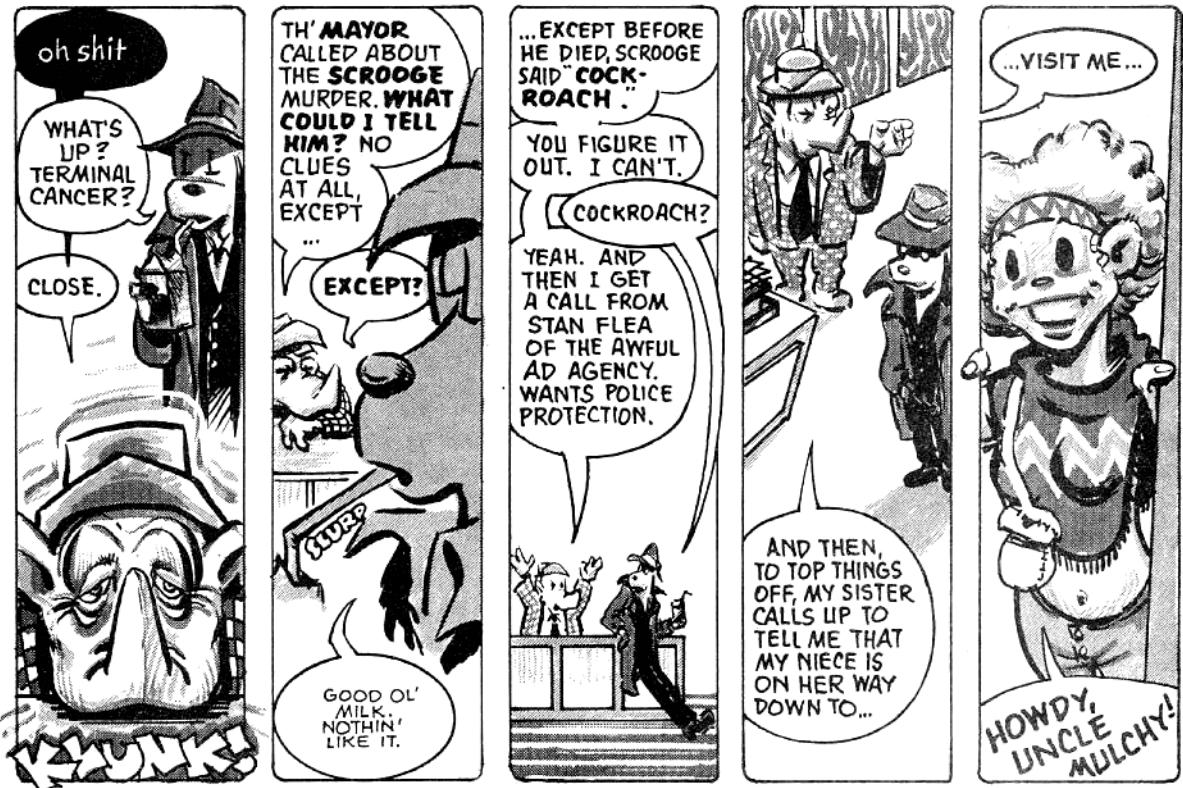
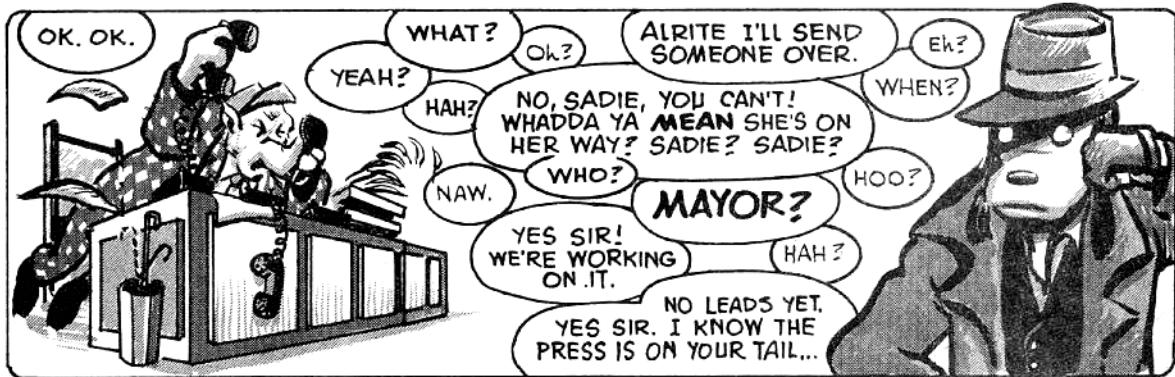
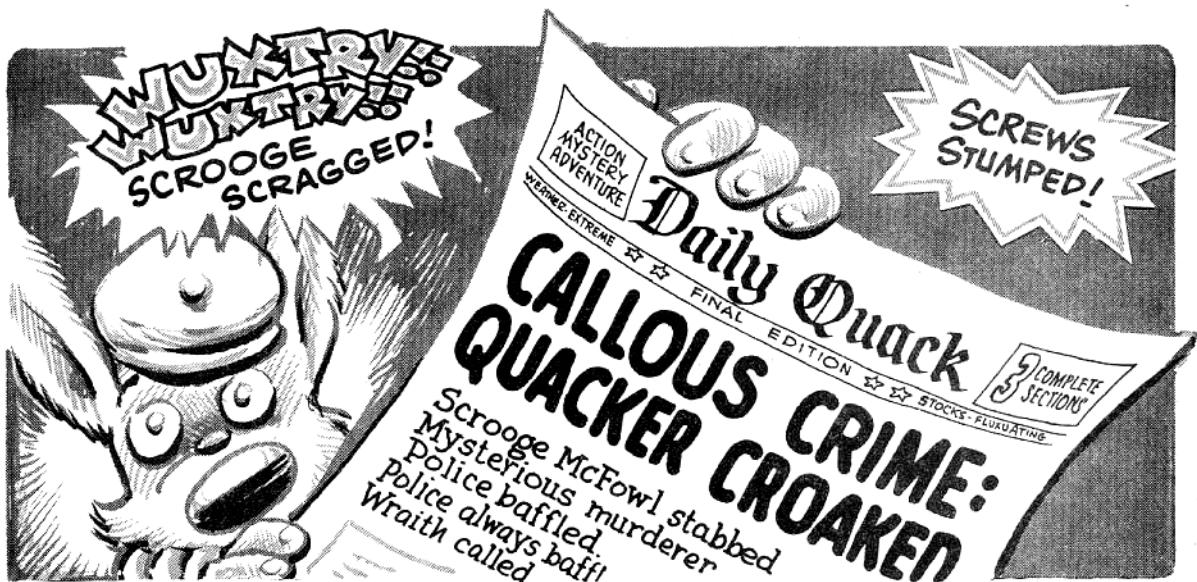
DUCK

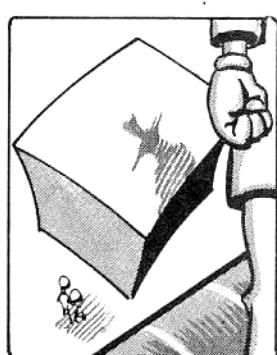
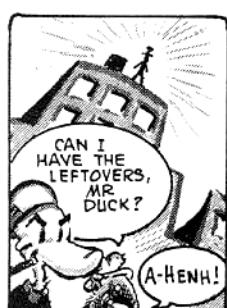
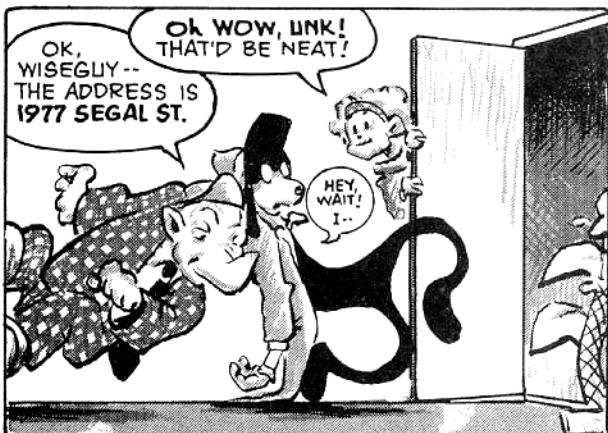
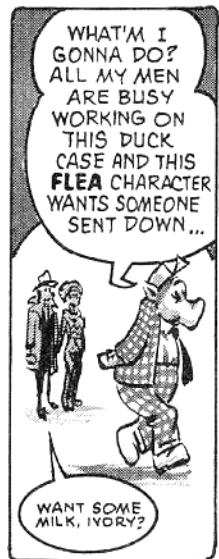
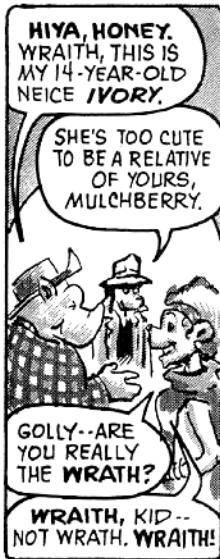


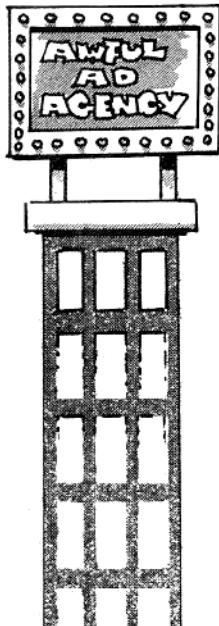
THE  
WRAITH

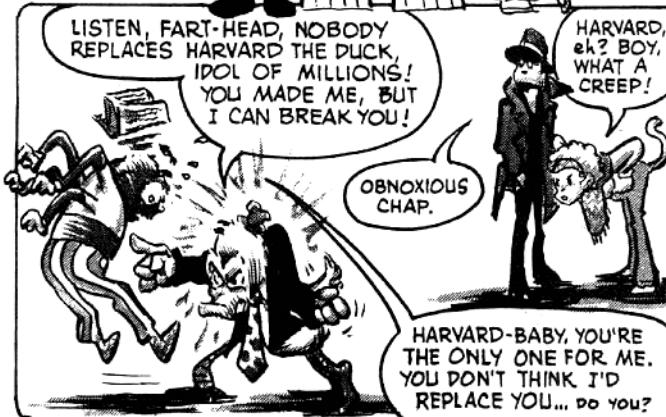
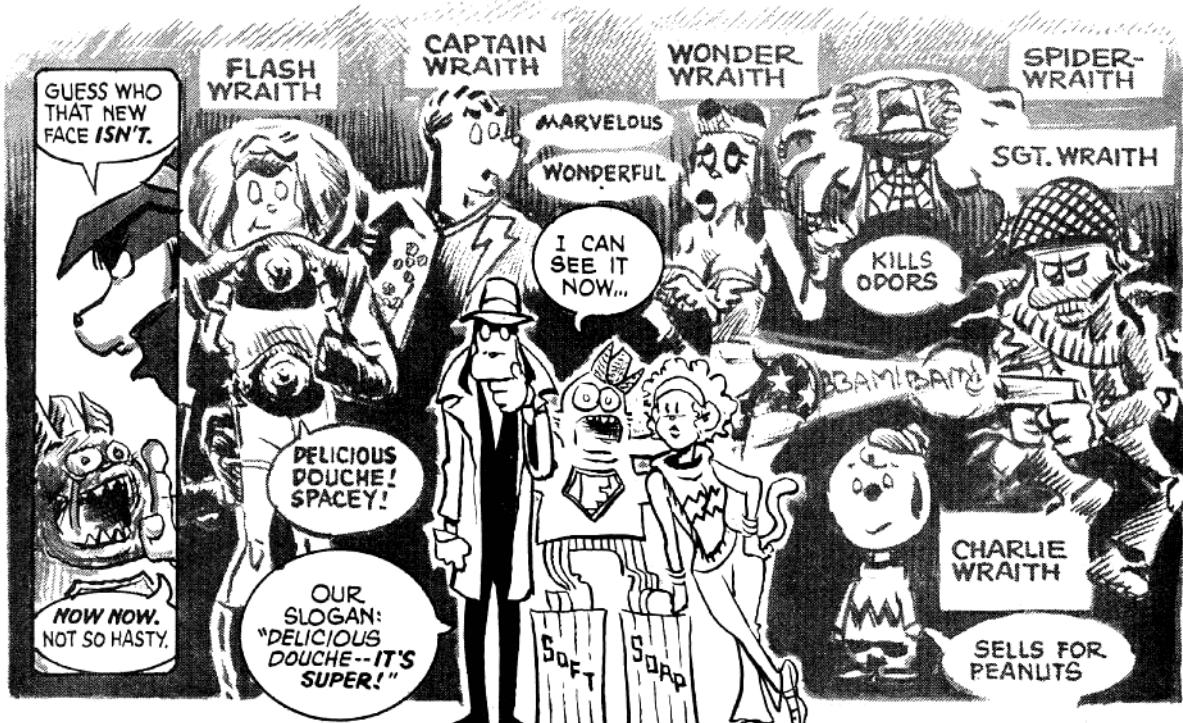
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DEATH

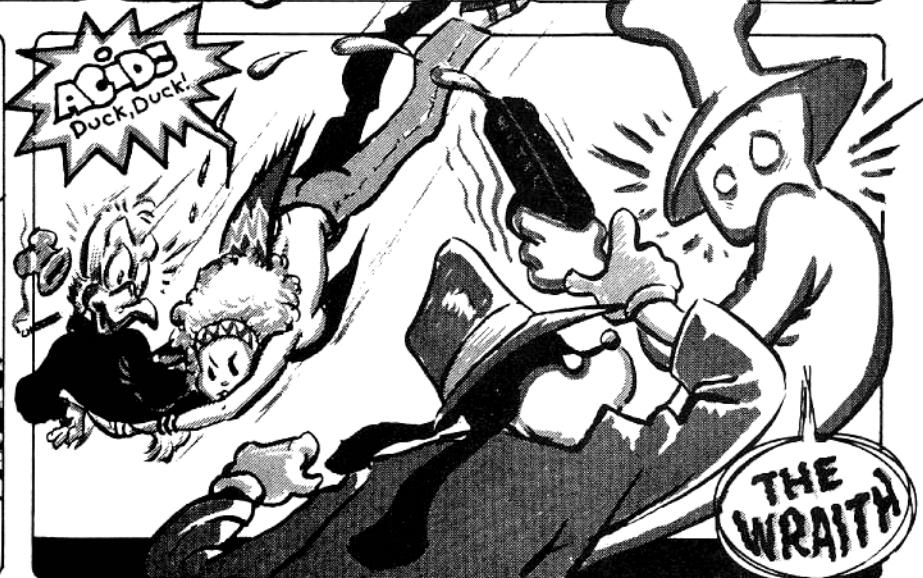
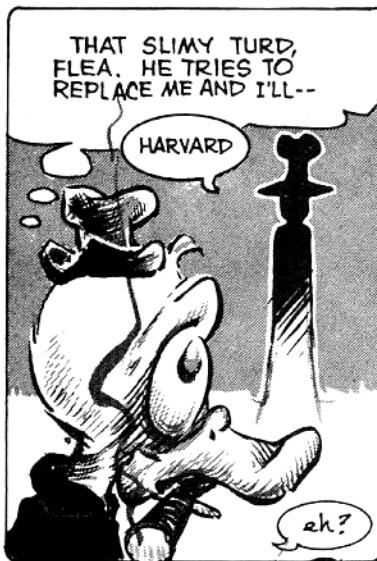






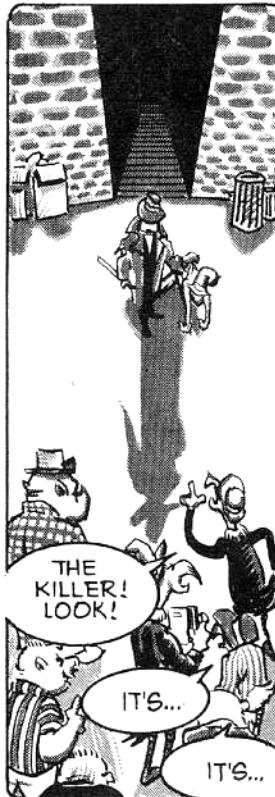
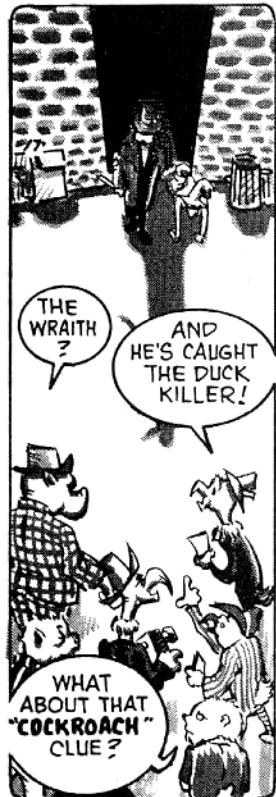
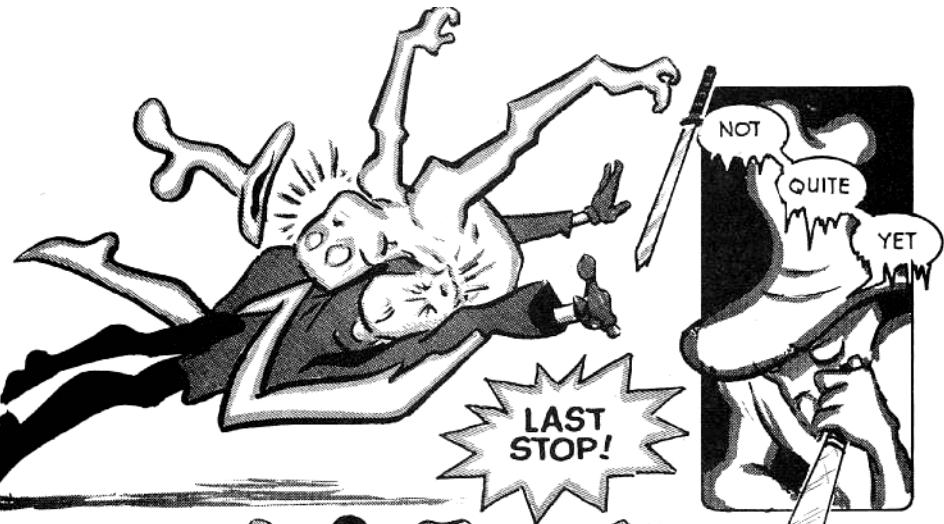






**THE  
WRAITH**







I AM THE HORATIO ALGER OF THE POULTRY WORLD.



MINE IS THE STORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM... POOR BOY MAKES GOOD, AND ALL THAT.



I STARTED SELLING SOUTHERN FRIED COCKROACHES IN THE BACK OF MY TRUCK.



SOON IT BRANCHED OUT INTO A MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR ENTERPRISE. PEOPLE LOVED THE GREASY STUFF.



THE NAME OF CHICKEN... COLONEL CHICKEN... BECAME SYNONYMOUS WITH FOOD, FAME AND GROSS PROFITS!



DUCKS!



DUCKS ON THE TV, DUCKS IN THE COMICS, MOVIES & RADIO! DISCO - DUCKS... DONALD - DUCKS... RUBBER - DUCKS...



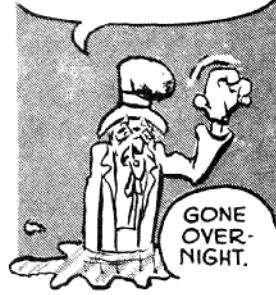
DUCKS TO THE RIGHT, DUCKS TO THE LEFT, EVERYONE WAS DUCK-CONSCIOUS, INFERNAL CREATURES!



WITHIN MONTHS, NO ONE WAS TALKING CHICKEN... THINKING CHICKEN... BUYING CHICKEN!



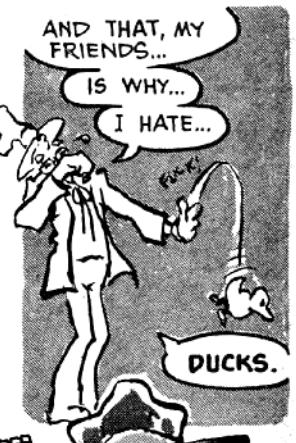
THE NAME OF COL. CHICKEN FADED FROM THE SCENE. MULTI-BILLION FRIED COCKROACH FRANCHISES... GONE.



BECAUSE OF DUCKS! PENNLESS, SENILE, EMBITTERED, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT I SOUGHT REVENGE ON THOSE FOWL CREATURES?

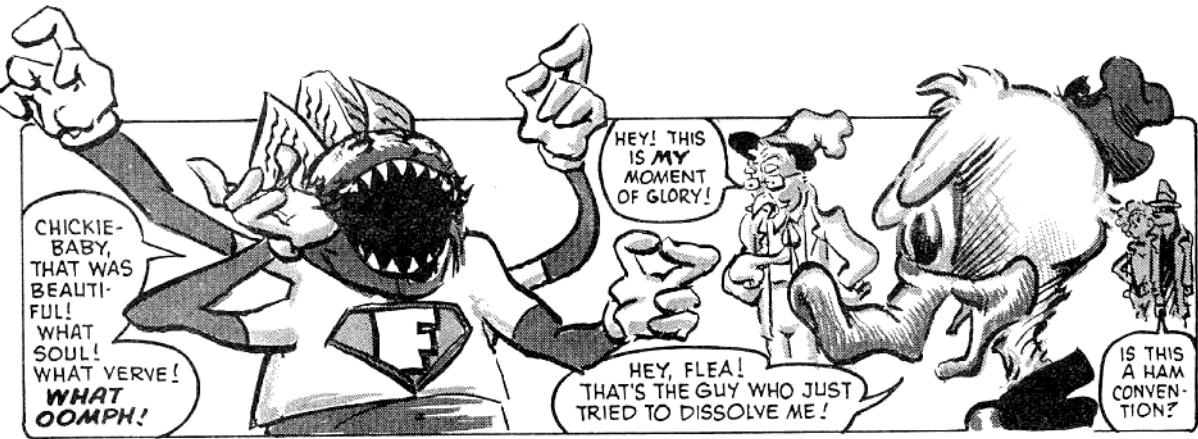


AND THAT, MY FRIENDS... IS WHY... I HATE...



WOW! WOTTA P'FORMANCE!





E.Z. WOLF AS

# WOLFJACK

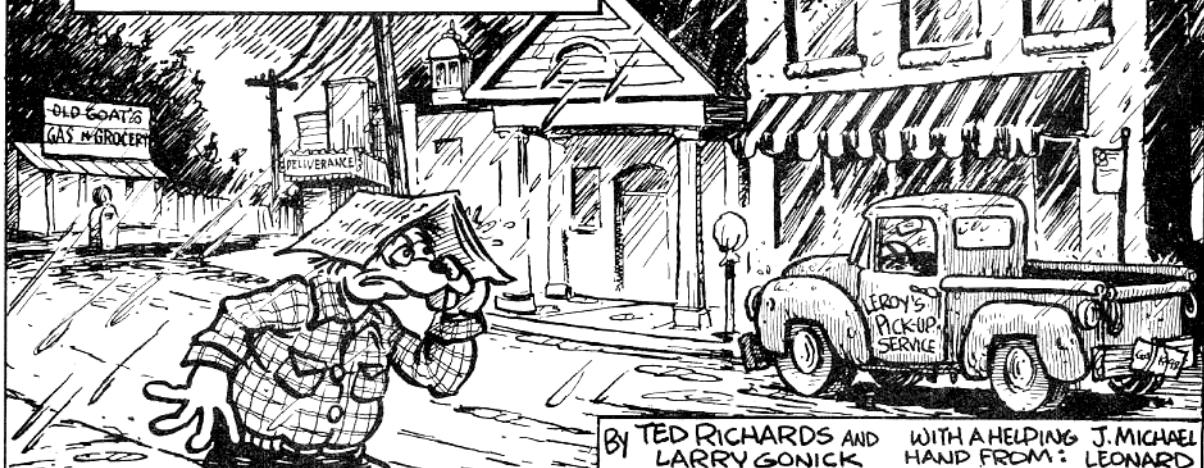
IN

## THE CASE OF THE MISSING QUACK

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**T**HE DAY BEGAN INNOCENTLY ENOUGH. IT WAS RAINING, AND SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE A DOG WAS BARKING.



BY TED RICHARDS AND LARRY GONICK WITH A HELPING J. MICHAEL HAND FROM: LEONARD

**I**HADN'T SEEN A CASE IN WHAT SEEMED LIKE SIX MONTHS. NOT THAT THIS WAS UNUSUAL FOR A PART-TIME DETECTIVE HERE IN **TERMINUS**, WHICH IS JUST ANOTHER SMALL TOWN IN THE DEEP SOUTH. BUT WHEN SOMETHIN' DOES HAPPEN, IT'S REALLY **STRANGE** AND **WEIRD...**



SUDDENLY THE DOG'S BARKING TURNED TO A VICIOUS **HOWL**. THEN SILENCE. I DECIDED TO CHECK IT OUT...



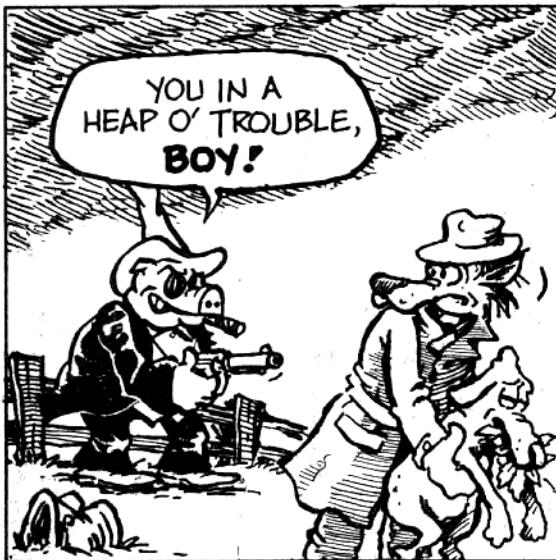
I FIGURED THE DOG'S BARK BELONGED TO OL' HUNCHER, BRER BILL GOAT'S COON HOUND. SO I HEADED ON UP TO HIS SHACK.



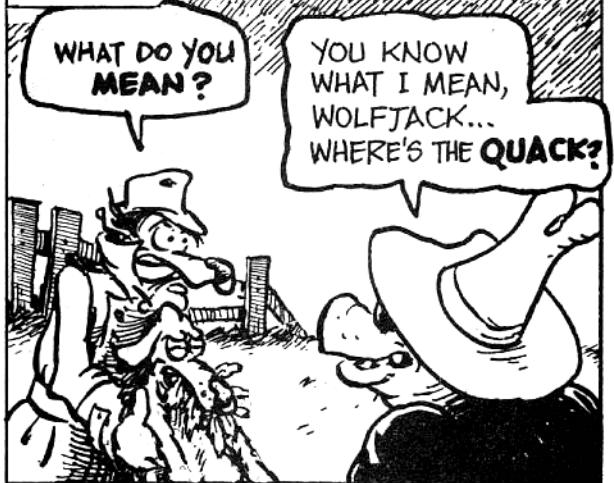
I FOUND OL' HUNCHER OUT COLD, AND DUCK FEATHERS STREWN ABOUT THE YARD.



YOU IN A HEAP O' TROUBLE, BOY!



IT WAS SHERIFF ALABAMA. SOMETHING WAS UP!



THE QUACK? WHY I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, SHERIFF...



DON'T GET WISE WITH ME, BOY... ... YOU'RE STANDIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF DUCK FEATHERS HOLDING A DOG WITH A FEW OF 'EM ON HIS MOUTH!

C'MON, SHERIFF... WHAT ARE YOU CHARGIN' ME WITH?.. MAKIN' ILLEGAL PILLOWS OR SOMETHIN'? YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE AN' YOU KNOW IT!

WELL... A'RIGHT, WOLFJACK, BUT IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE A CRAZY LITTLE DUCK AROUND HERE, YOU LET ME KNOW... IT'S IMPORTANT...



A FEW HOURS LATER, I WAS MULLIN' IT ALL OVER IN MY OFFICE, WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

C'MON IN... THE DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN...



I DIDN'T EXPECT WHAT SAUNTERED ACROSS MY MODEST THRESHOLD...

HELLO... ARE YOU MR. WOLFJACK?

UH-STUTTER-YES, MA'AM! AND WHO, MAY I ASK, ARE YOU?



I AM DAGMAR... I WAS TOLD BY FRIENDS YOU COULD BE TRUSTED... AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M NOT FROM AROUND HERE AND I NEED HELP FROM A LOCAL-ER- PRIVATE DETECTIVE?

THAT I AM, MA'AM, AND A BIT MORE... HOW MAY I HELP YOU?



I WANT YOU TO FIND MY HUSBAND, DR. QUINCY QUACK?

UH... O.K., BUT FIRST I'LL NEED SOME BACK-GROUND INFOR- MATION...



IF YOU MUST... FIRST OF ALL, QUINCY IS A VERY FAMOUS NUCLEAR SCIENTIST. ALL OUR TROUBLES BEGAN SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, WHEN HE PERFECTED A SUBATOMIC PROCESS THAT CONVERTED A TREE INTO A BARREL OF OIL!



BUT A TREACHEROUS ASSISTANT REPORTED HIS PROCESS TO THE ARAB OIL CARTEL, AND OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED TO A DAILY DIET OF DANGER AND INTRIGUE EVER SINCE. QUINCY FINALLY FREAKED OUT AND RAN AWAY TO HIDE IN YOUR SMALL TOWN. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND HIM, BUT I'M SO FRIGHTENED! I NEED HELP, AND-SNIFF-ALL I HAVE IS MONEY....



UH... WELL, I THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO WORK SOMETHING OUT.

SOB!  
CRY BABY



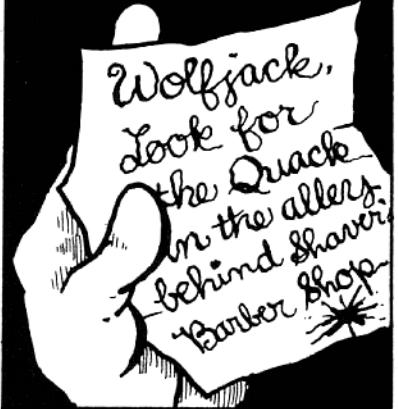
I WAS UP AND OUT EARLY TH' NEXT DAY, SO I STOPPED BY THE **PICK 'N' CHEW** FOR MY USUAL BREAKFAST OF A **MOONPIE** AND AN **R.C. COLA**.



WHEN I BIT INTO THE **MOONPIE**, A PIECE OF PAPER STUCK BETWEEN MY TEETH.



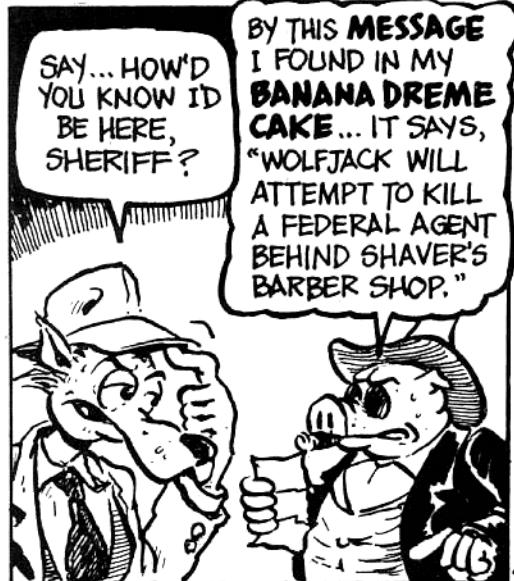
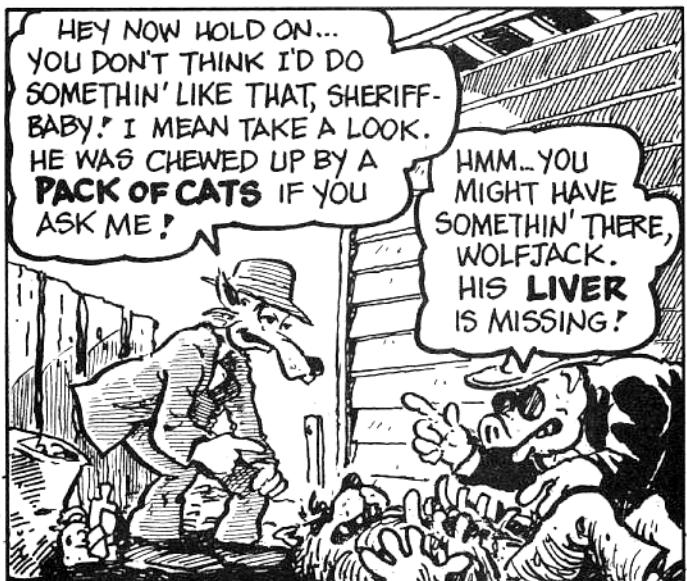
I PICKED IT OUT AND SAW IT HAD A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON IT.



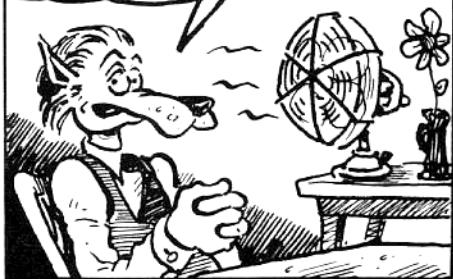
I HUSTLED OVER TO THE ALLEY AND STUMBLED UPON ONE OF THE **GRISLIEST** SIGHTS I'D SEEN SINCE NED CRANE MURDERED HIS WIFE WITH A LAWNMOWER.\*



HEY NOW HOLD ON... YOU DON'T THINK I'D DO SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT, SHERIFF-BABY! I MEAN TAKE A LOOK. HE WAS CHEWED UP BY A **PACK OF CATS** IF YOU ASK ME!



WELL, AFTER THE SHERIFF SHOWED ME HIS NOTE, I SHOWED HIM MINE, AND WE BOTH AGREED WE'D BEEN SET UP. IN TURN I MANAGED TO WEASEL OUT OF HIM THAT DAGMAR HAD BEEN BY HIS OFFICE AND HAD FILLED OUT A MISSING PERSON REPORT ON THE QUACK...



YEAH, WELL... WHAT ARE YOU GONNA TELL THE FEDS 'BOUT THEIR MAN GETTIN' CLAWED UP?

WELL, I'LL TELL 'EM A SWAMP MONSTER OR SOMETHIN' GOT HIM... BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE IT AND I TELL YOU WHAT... YOU AND BRER BILL BETTER CLOSE UP THAT NEW MOONSHINE STILL, 'CAUSE THEY'RE GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR BLOOD!



I WASTED LITTLE TIME HEEDIN' THE SHERIFF'S ADVICE. BRER BILL WAS STILL MISSING FROM HIS SHACK, BUT OL' HUNCHER WAS UP AND AROUND, SO I TOOK HIM WITH ME UP TO THE NEW MOONSHINE STILL.

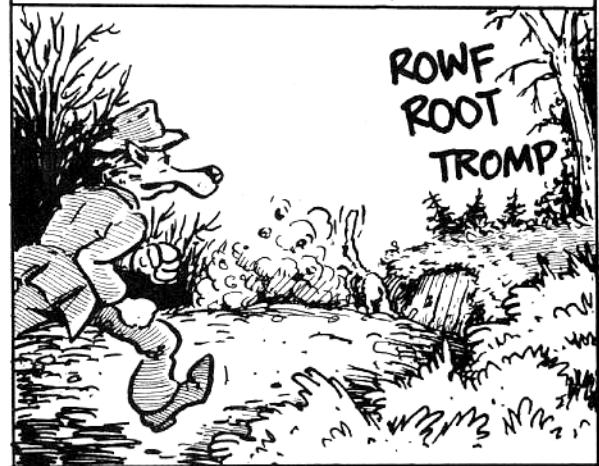


HEY BILL?? IT'S ME... WOLFJACK!

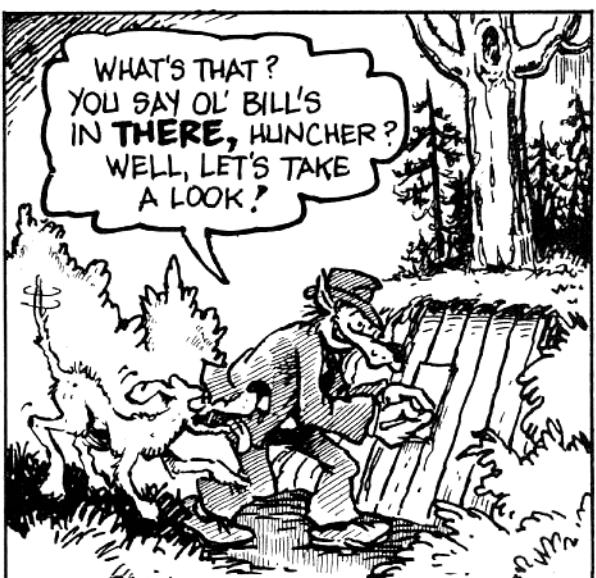
GO FIND BILL, HUNCHER! WHERE'S BILL? GO FIND HIM!



OL' HUNCHER HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT HE WAS ONE HELL OF A COON DOG, WITH A NOSE THAT WOULDN'T QUIT!

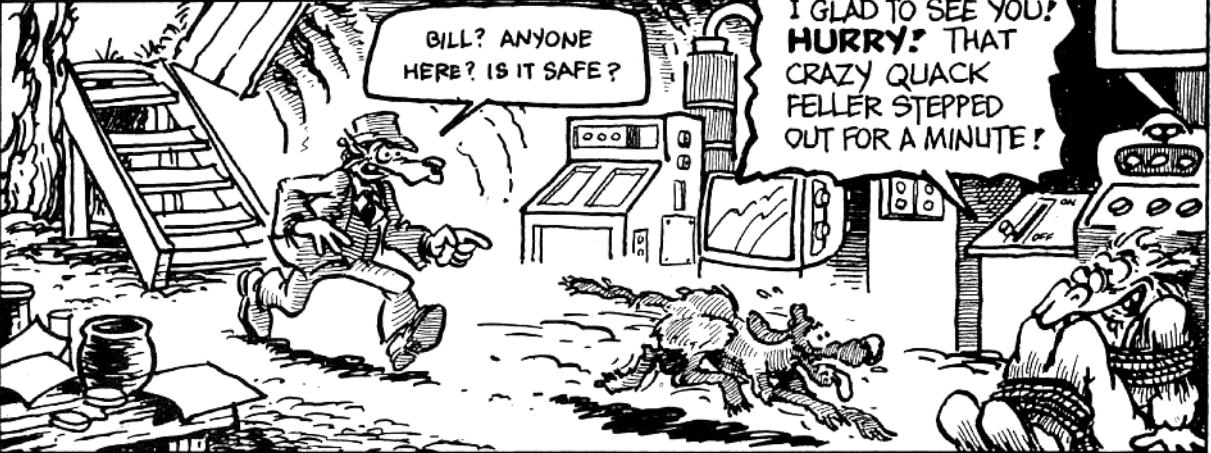


WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY OL' BILL'S IN THERE, HUNCHER? WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



OL' HUNCHER HAD STUMBLED UPON WHAT LOOKED LIKE A **SECRET UNDERGROUND LABORATORY**, AND I FIGURED RIGHT OFF IT BELONGED TO THE **QUACK!**

**WOLFJACK!** AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!  
**HURRY!** THAT CRAZY QUACK FELLER STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE!



FIRST LET'S GET YOU UNTIED... HUNCHER, YOU GUARD THAT DOOR...

NO NEED TO DO THAT, WOLFJACK. JUST KEEP AN EYE OUT ON THAT FANCY **T.V. SCREEN**, AN' YOU CAN SEE HIM A'COMIN'!

GOOD! WHILE WE'RE WAITIN', WHY DON'T YOU FILL ME IN ON WHAT THIS BOY'S UP TO!

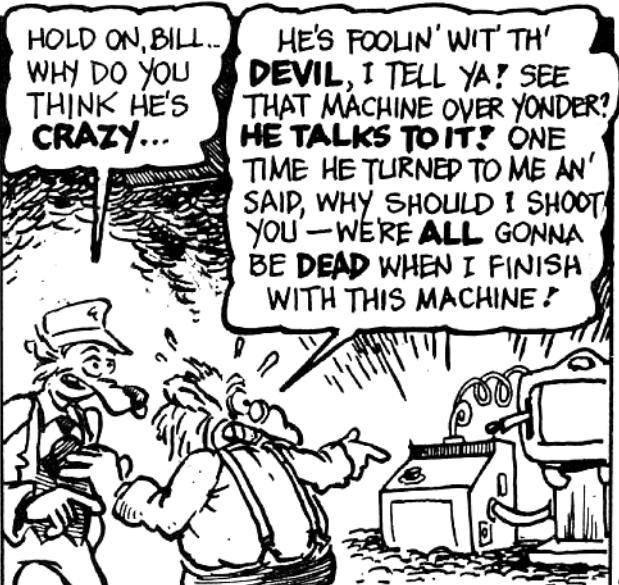
WELP... I WAS FETCHIN' WOOD FOR THE **COOKER** ON THE **STILL**, WHEN I STUMBLED UPON THAT **DOOR** OUT THERE. I FOOLED AT IT FOR A MINUTE, THEN WENT TO GET A **CROWBAR**...



HE JUMPED ME WITH A GUN DOWN BY THE SHACK... OL' HUNCHER GOT A PIECE OF 'IM THOUGH, 'FORE HE WAS KNOCKED FLAT... BUT I'M TELLIN' YA WOLFJACK, **THIS QUACK IS CRAZY!** LET'S GET OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW, 'FORE HE COMES BACK!!

HOLD ON, BILL... WHY DO YOU THINK HE'S **CRAZY**...

HE'S FOOLIN' WIT' TH' **DEVIL**, I TELL YA! SEE THAT MACHINE OVER YONDER? **HE TALKS TO IT!** ONE TIME HE TURNED TO ME AN' SAID, WHY SHOULD I SHOOT YOU — WE'RE **ALL** GONNA BE **DEAD** WHEN I FINISH WITH THIS MACHINE!



I CALMED BILL DOWN, AND WE SETTLED IN TO WAIT FOR THE QUACK...



A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER, I PLUCKED HIM OFF THE LADDER.



WE OUGHTA LET OL' HUNCHER GET A'HOI OF 'IM!

HOLD ON, BILL! DR. QUACK'S WIFE IS WILLING TO PAY ME A NICE PILE OF CHANGE WHEN I TURN HIM OVER TO HER!

NO! NOT DAGMAR! SHE'S A NO-GOOD ROTTEN STRUMPTET! SHE'LL HAVE ME KILLED! SHE BETRAYED ME! SOLD ME OUT!

BUT SHE'LL GET WHAT SHE DESERVES, IF I CAN ONLY FINISH MY MACHINE... SLOBBER SOB... PLEASE LET ME FINISH MY MACHINE... IT ONLY NEEDS THIS ONE PART...

I THINK WE MIGHT HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN SEEING HIS MACHINE COMPLETED, WOLFJACK!

DAGMAR! AND... OH, NO! THE CATMAN!

OH YES, DAGMAR... YOU'RE SO WICKED, BUT SO WISE... YES, A MACHINE THAT TURNS TREES INTO OIL! BUT I'VE WORKED SO LONG, SO HARD, THAT NOW (SOB) I WANT ONLY TO SEE IT WORK! THAT'S ALL! YOU CAN HAVE IT AFTER I'VE FINISHED! HONEST!



SINCE THE CATMAN HAD AN ARMFUL OF VIOLENT TRAINED CATS, THE QUACK MANAGED TO FINISH HIS MACHINE!

HA HAHA NOW!!  
STAND BACK AND BEHOLD  
THE GRANDEST, MOST AWESOME  
SCIENTIFIC INVENTION  
OF ALL TIME!

HAHAHAHAHA  
YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL NEVER  
SEE A MACHINE THAT TURNS  
TREES INTO OIL...BUT  
INSTEAD MY ANTI-  
MATTER BOMB!

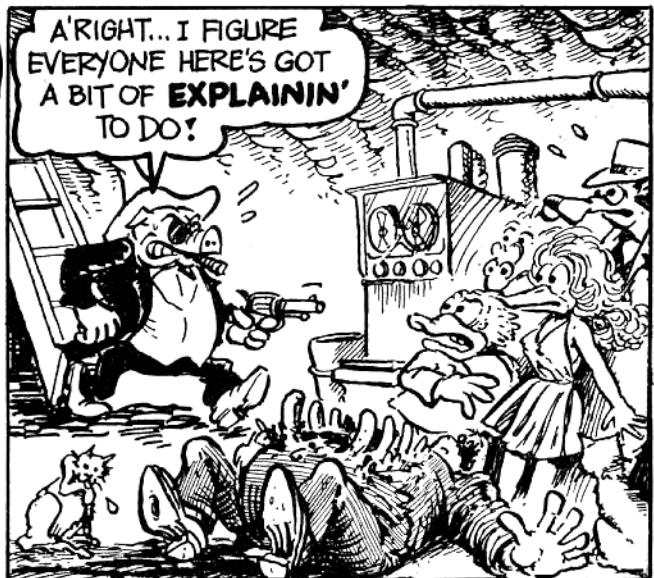
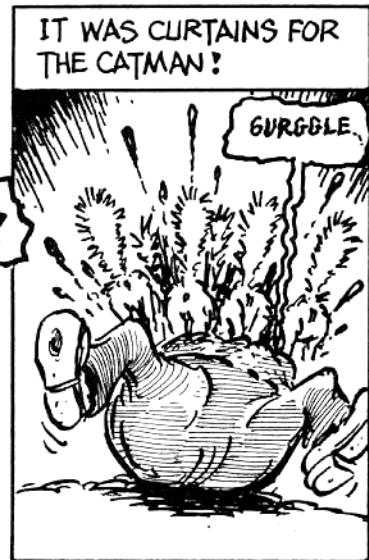
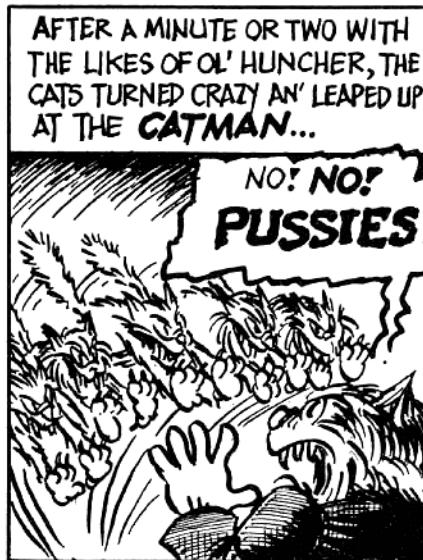
QUINCY? WHAT  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT! YOU'LL  
KILL ALL OF US!  
IT'S ONLY ME  
YOU WANT TO  
HARM!

HAHAHA...YES (PANT)  
(SLOBBER) NOT ONLY YOU,  
DAGMAR...THE ONE  
I LOVE...BUT THE  
**OTHERS** WHO DARED  
TO BASK IN YOUR  
AFFECTIONS! FIRST IT  
WAS THE **LAB BOYS**!

THEN MY COLLEAGUES...  
I HEARD THE WHISPERS  
BEHIND MY BACK...  
(MOAN) **CUCKOLD!**  
**BRILLIANT, BUT A**  
**CUCKOLD!** WAIL!  
THEN...THEN...THE  
**FOOTBALL TEAM!**

NEANDERTHALS, ALL  
OF THEM—COMPARED  
TO MY GENIUS!!  
(SOB) YES, I'M A  
**MEGALOMANIAC**,  
BUT I DON'T CARE  
IF I'M **SICK!** I'M  
GONNA DESTROY  
THE WHOLE WORLD  
**ANYWAY!**





WE SPENT THE NEXT FEW MINUTES RUNNIN' OUR STORIES DOWN TO THE SHERIFF, AND HE SEEMED TO BE SATISFIED.

SO IT WAS THIS CATMAN WHO DID IN THAT **GOV'M'NT MAN**... WELL, THAT'S THE MAIN MONKEY OFF MY BACK AT LEAST.

YES... YOU SEE HE THOUGHT THE AGENT WAS LOOKING FOR THE QUACK AND FOLLOWED HIM UP TO THE **MOON-SHINE STILL!**

WELL, HE WAS NOTHIN' BUT AN OL' **ALCOHOL & TOBACCO**

TAX MAN...

REALLY? OH, THE CATMAN WAS **SO RUTHLESS!**  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME... I GUESS IT WAS THE MONEY!

THAT'S ALL YOU'VE EVER LOVED, DAGMAR! **MONEY!**

OH WOLFJACK! TAKE ME **AWAY** FROM HIM! HE'S SUCH A LITTLE **CREEP!** I CAN'T STAND HIM!

UH... NOW, DAGMAR... I DON'T THINK YOU'RE MY TYPE... ER... UH... WHY DON'T YOU AN' THE **QUACK** HERE TRY GETTIN' **ALONG** WITH EACH OTHER?

UH, WELL... WHAT DO YOU SAY, TOOTS? WANT TO MAKE ANOTHER **GO** OF IT?

NOW I WOULDN'T BE TWO-TIMIN' ON HIM ANY MORE, 'CAUSE YOU SEE HOW **RILED UP** HE GETS!

WELL, QUINCY, I GUESS YOU DID MAKE YOUR POINT!

THE SHERIFF ENDED UP WITH TH' CATS, AN' OL' BRER BILL AND I PUT THE QUACK'S **LABORATORY** TO GOOD USE!

I THINK TH' COMPUTER'S GOT IT FIGURED OUT THIS TIME!

THE END

# YOU-ALL GIBBON

THE JUNK-FOOD MONKEY!



OUR STORY OPENS ON A RATHER CHILLING NOTE AS THE BARON OF BAD TASTE OBSERVES...



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... I'VE GOTTA GET MAHSELF SOMETHIN' TO EAT... MAH STOMACH'S STOPPED GROWLIN'... NOW IT'S BARKIN' AT ME--

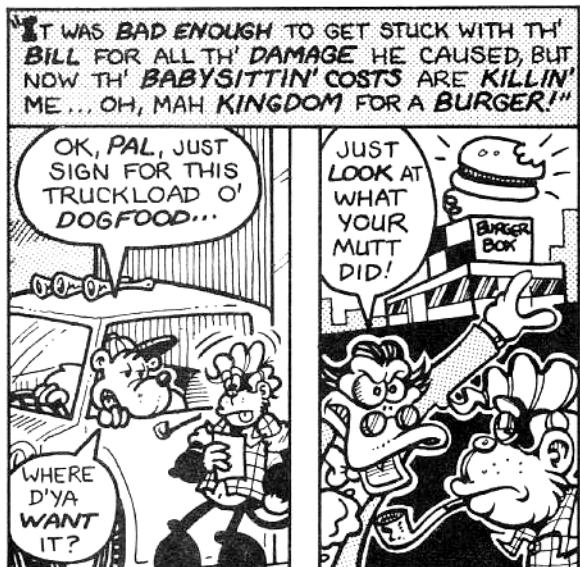
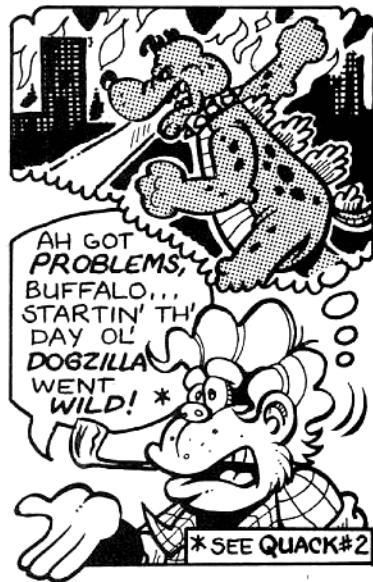
HEY!  
MEBBE THAT'S A PIZZA DELIVERY MAN LOOKIN' FOR DIRECTIONS!

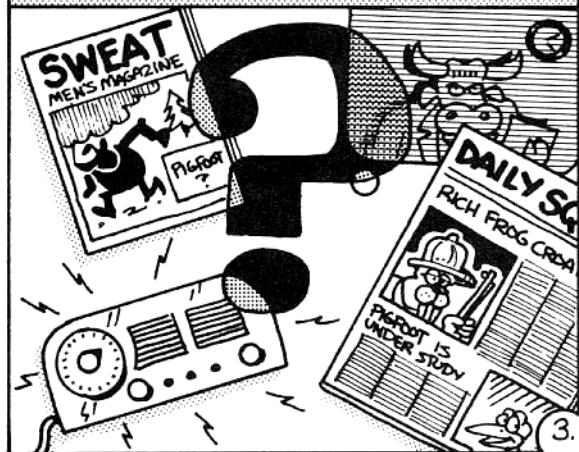
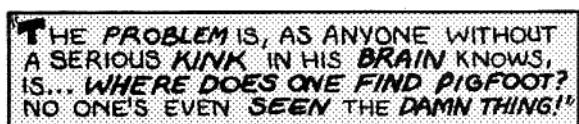
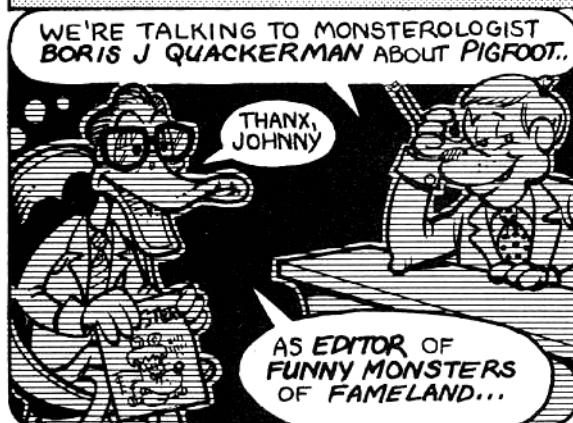
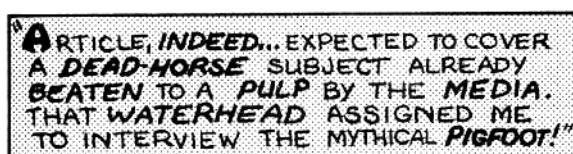
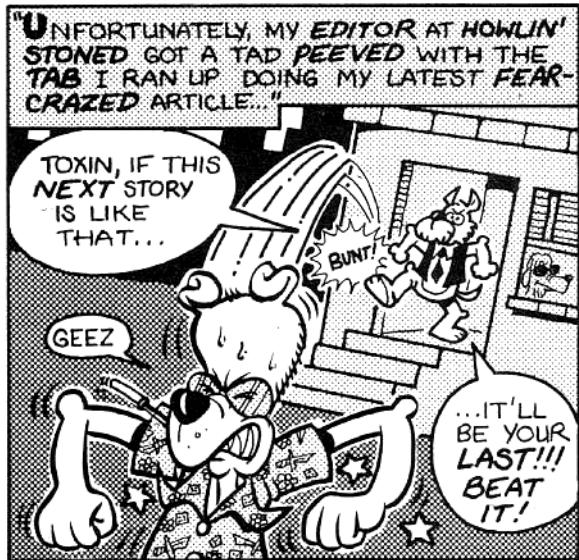


STORY AND ART BY **SCOTT SHAW!**

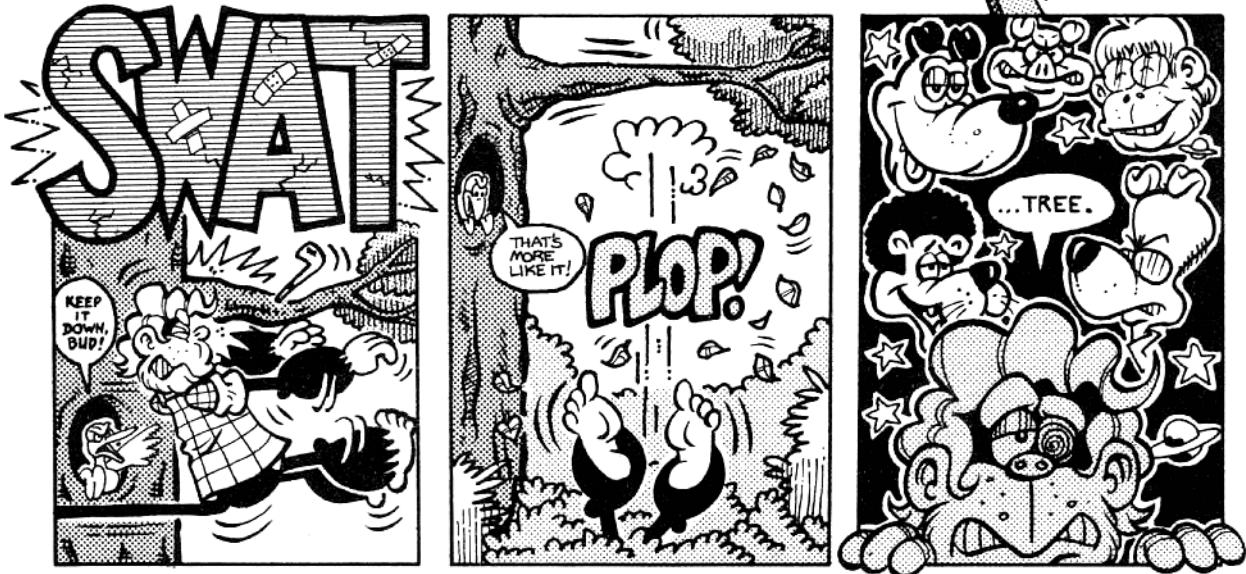
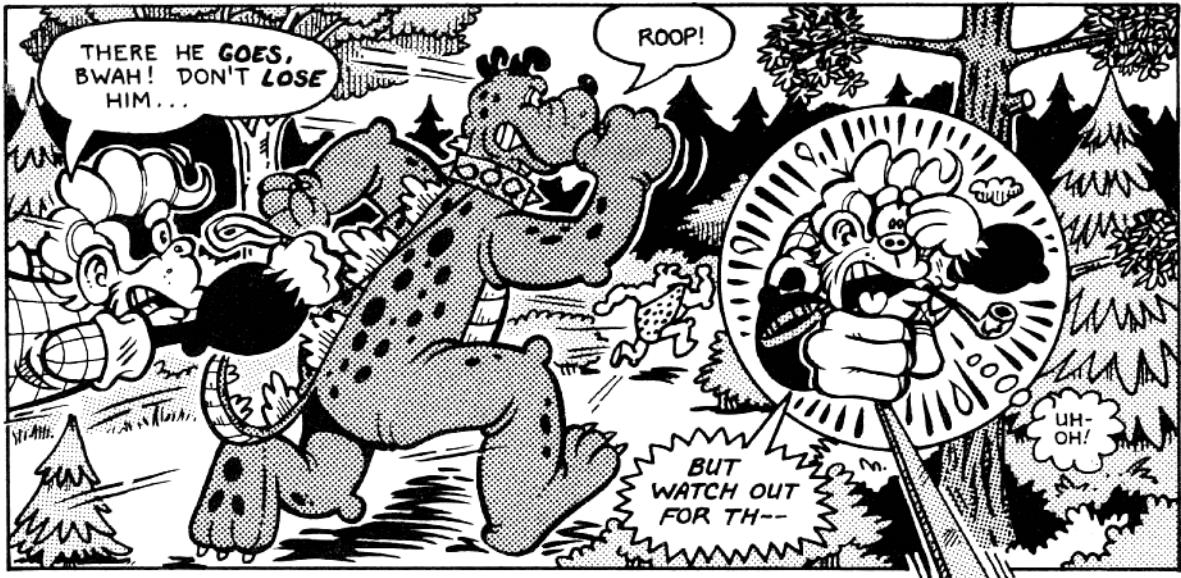
LETTERING BY  
CAROLYN LAY

WITH A TIP OF THE HAT TO JACK KIRBY, GENE HAZELTON, JAY WARD, AND GILBERT SHELTON...











AND THE TROUBLE'S JUST BEGINNING FOR OUR SIMIAN STALWART AND HIS CRAZY CREW, SINCE THEY'RE ABOUT TO MEET LORD LIZARD, OF

## "THE LAND THAT TIME IGNORED!"

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

I THINK I'VE BEEN GYPPED. I SIGNED ON FOR A TEN YEAR HITCH. I WAS OFF ON AN EXCITING CAREER AS A PILOT, I THOUGHT. NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS SHIPPED OUT TO THIS DUMP, THE HIGHLY SECLUDED RESEARCH CENTER.

HERE I'D BEEN STUCK FOR THREE YEARS NOW, TWO OR THREE LIGHT YEARS FROM NOWHERE AND NO WAY TO GET OFF EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL CIRCLING OF EXPERIMENTAL TEST CRAFT.



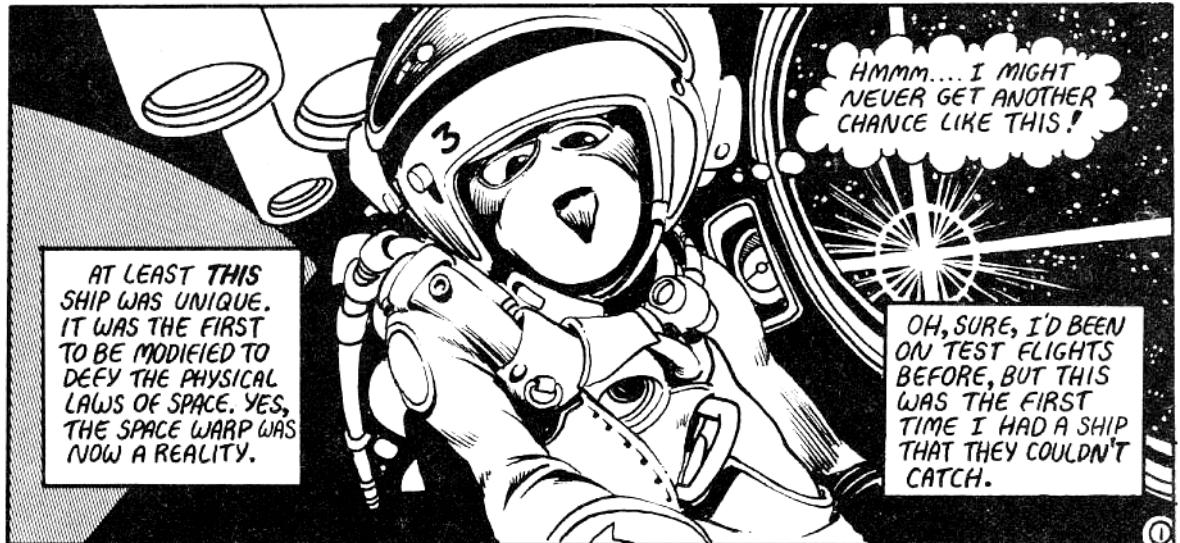
SEVEN YEARS LEFT OF GOOD PAY BUT NOTHING TO SPEND IT ON.

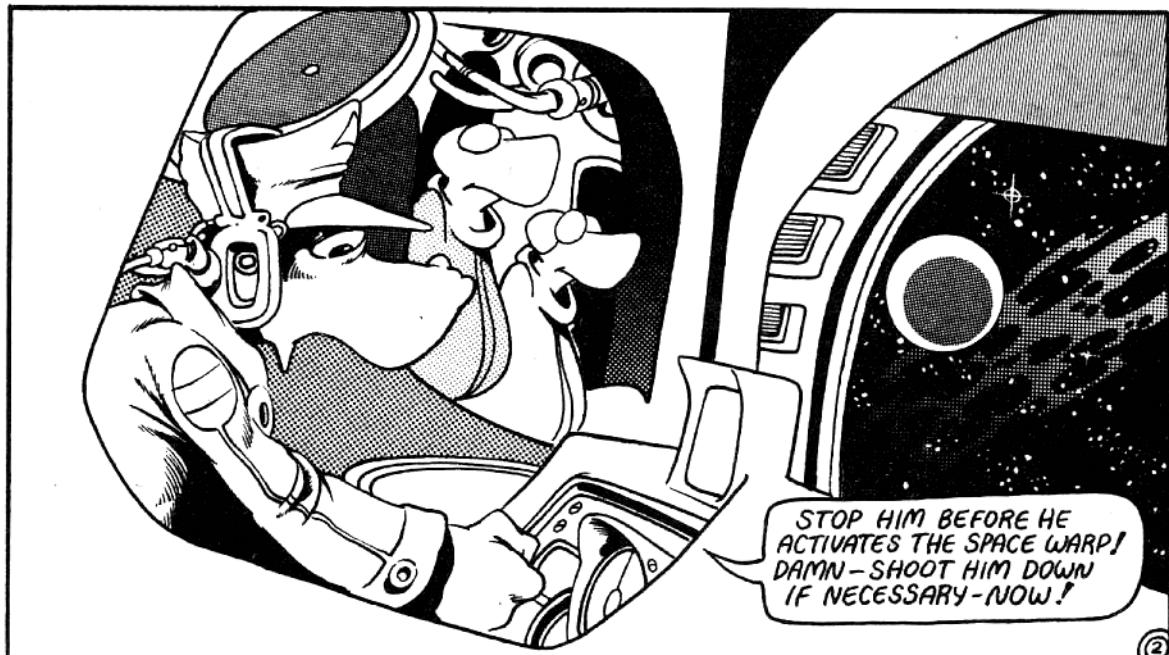
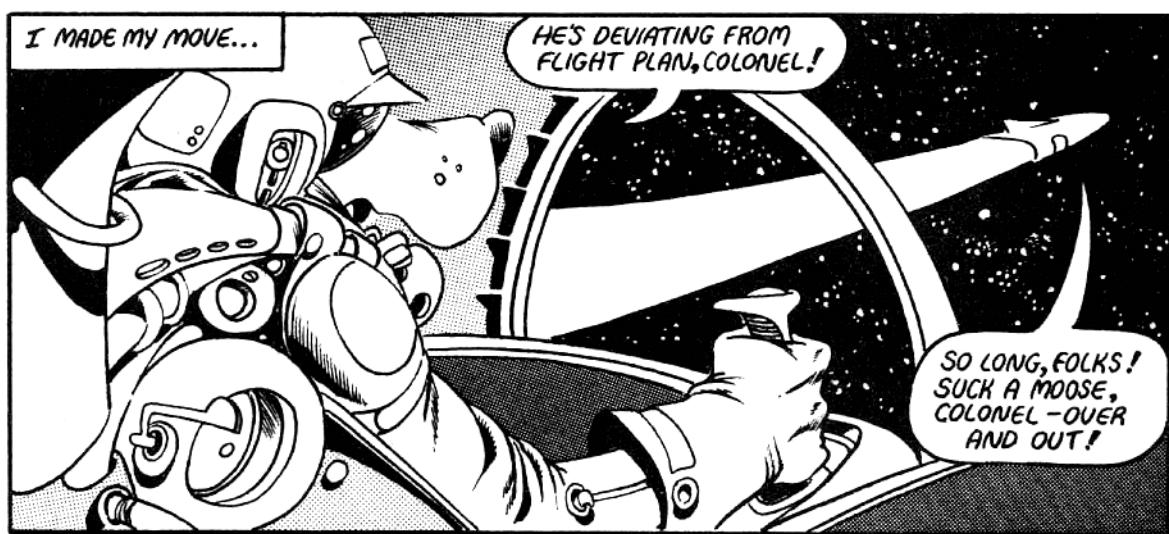
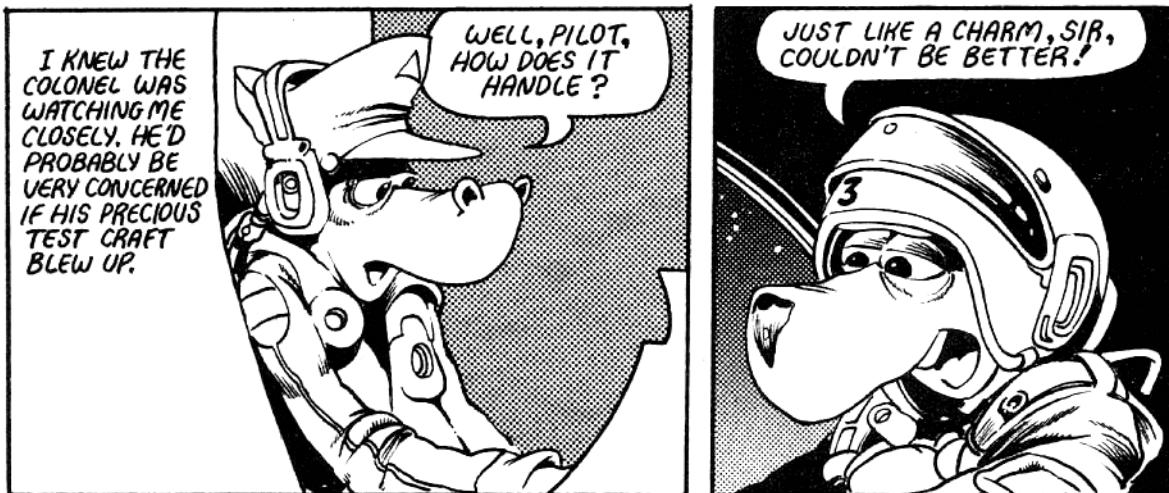


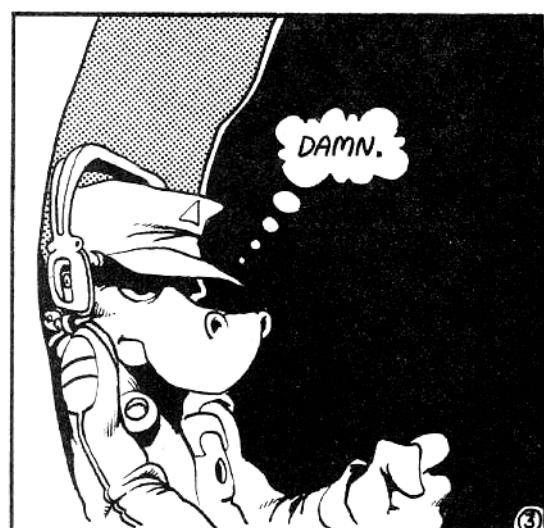
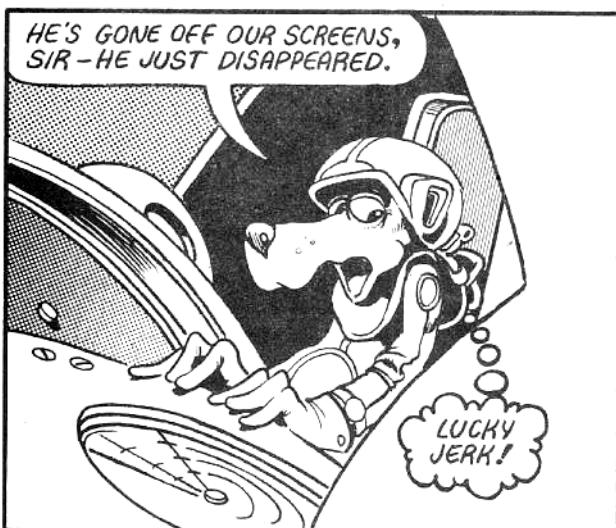
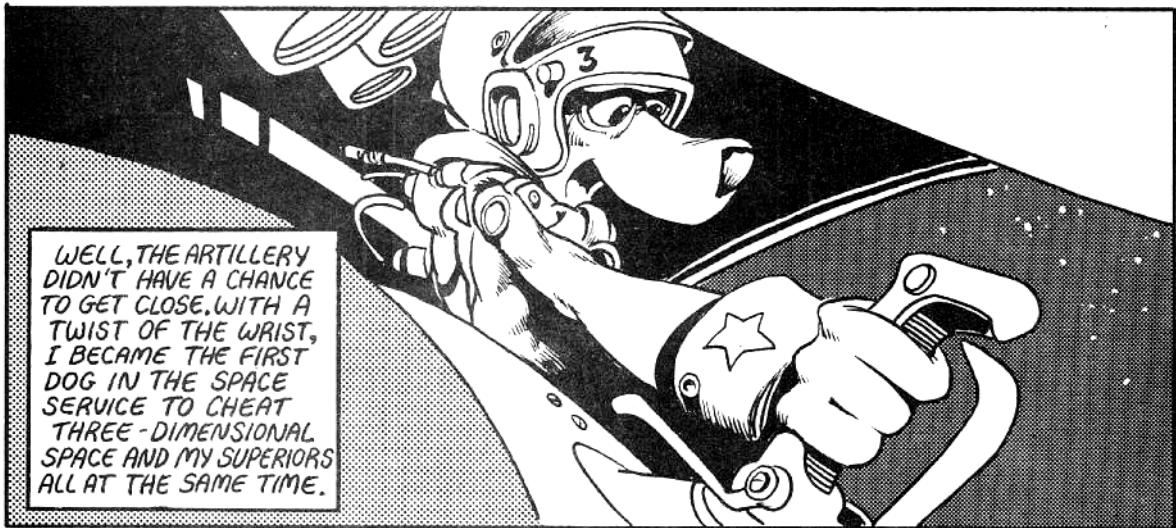
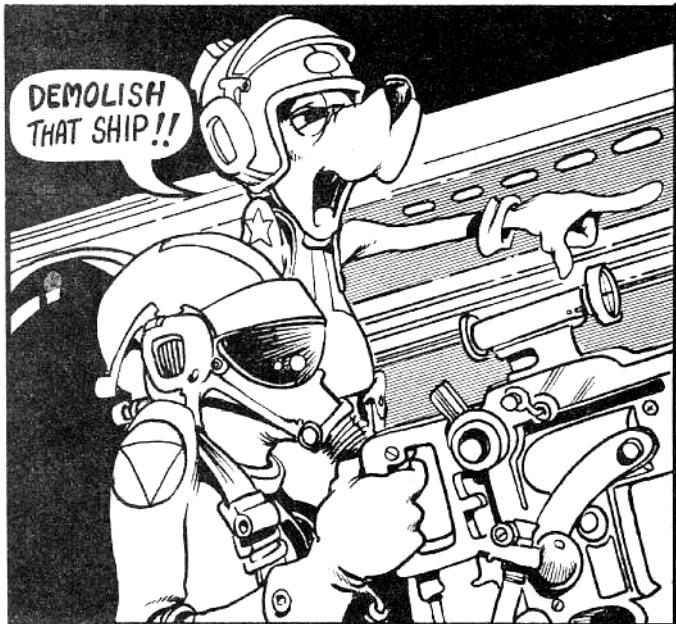
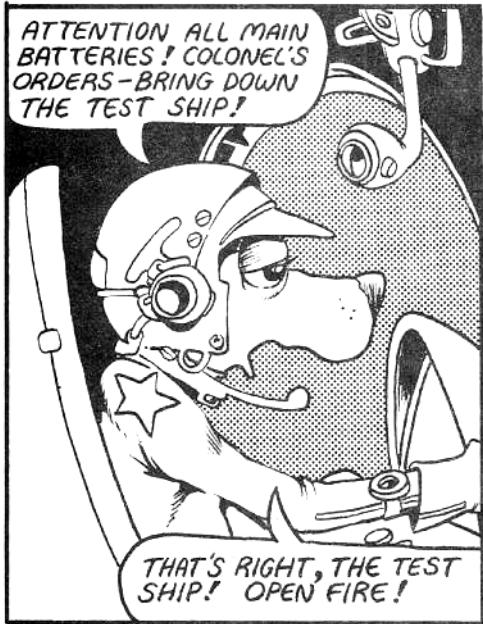
MAN, IF I COULD JUST GET OUTTA HERE! THERE IS NOTHING TO DO ON THIS ROCK BUT JOCKEY THESE SILLY TEST SHIPS!



AT LEAST THIS SHIP WAS UNIQUE. IT WAS THE FIRST TO BE MODIFIED TO DEFY THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF SPACE. YES, THE SPACE WARP WAS NOW A REALITY.







NONE OF THE ENGINEERS  
WERE EXACTLY CERTAIN  
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN  
THE WARP WAS ACTIVATED  
... BUT THAT WAS WHY  
WE HAD RESEARCH CENTERS  
—RIGHT?

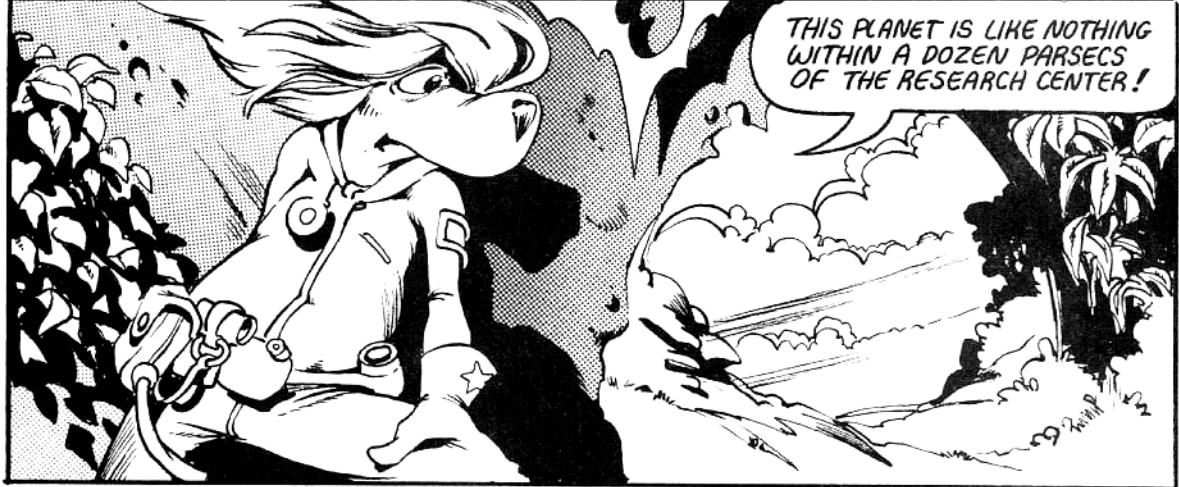
# DESERTER

By Ken Macklin

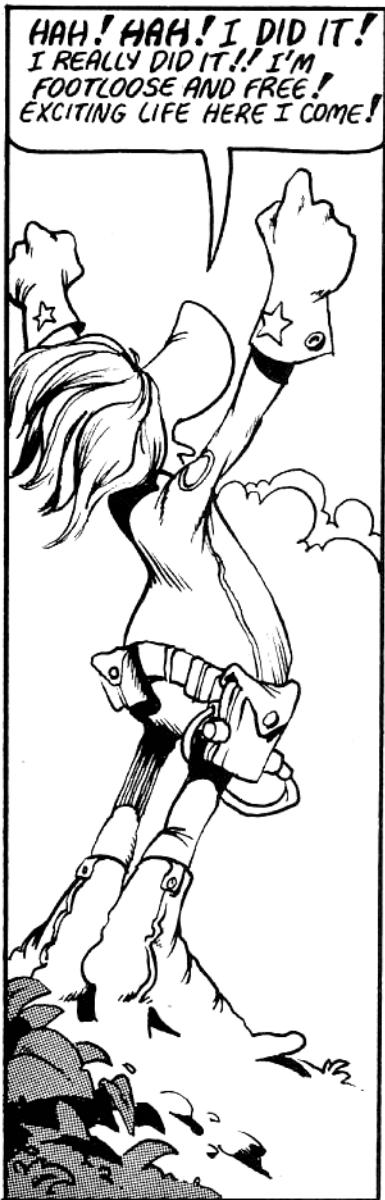
...WHY HOPPEN...?  
DID THE ARTILLERY  
BRING ME DOWN—  
OR DID I REALLY  
SKIP OUT?

ANYWAY—WHEN I  
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS,  
ALL I KNEW WAS THAT I  
WAS BACK IN NORMAL  
SPACE AND THE SHIP HAD  
LANDED ON SOLID GROUND.

WELL, I GUESS I  
REALLY DID IT—  
THE WARP HAD  
TAKEN ME FROM  
POINT A TO POINT  
C WITHOUT GOING  
THROUGH POINT B.

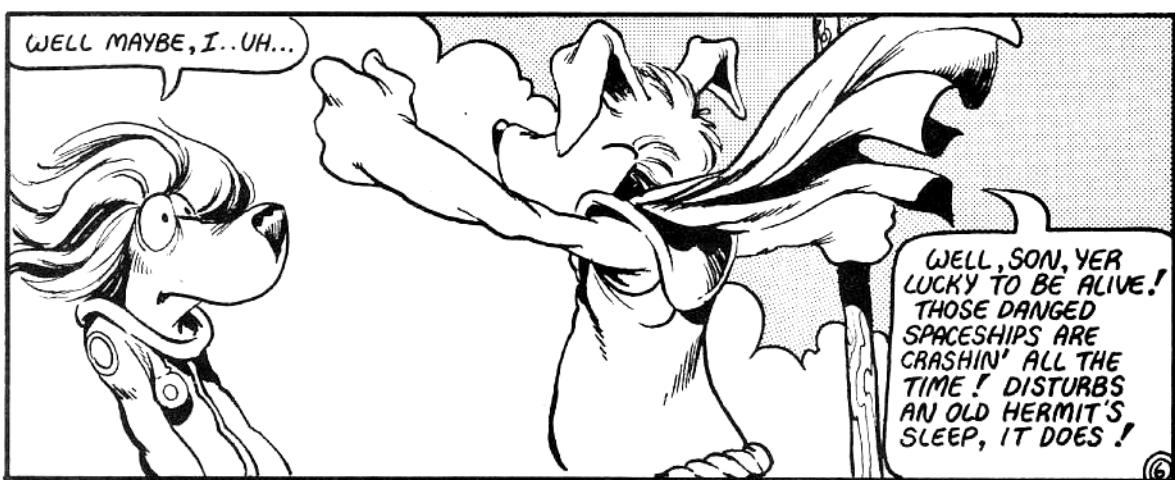
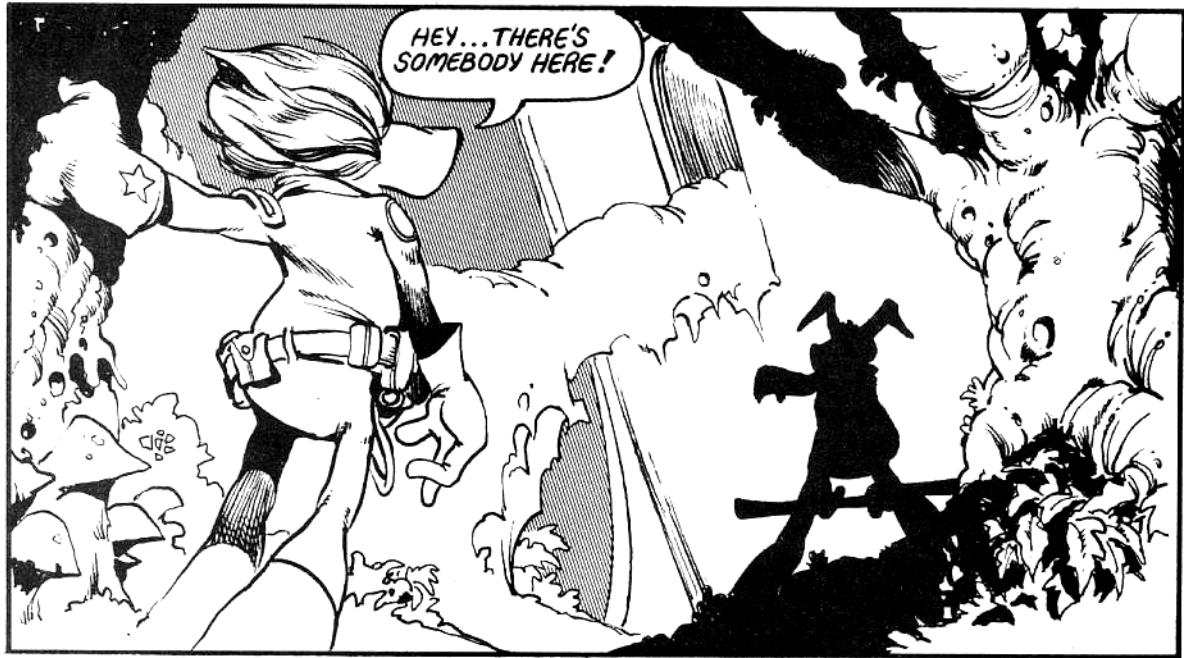


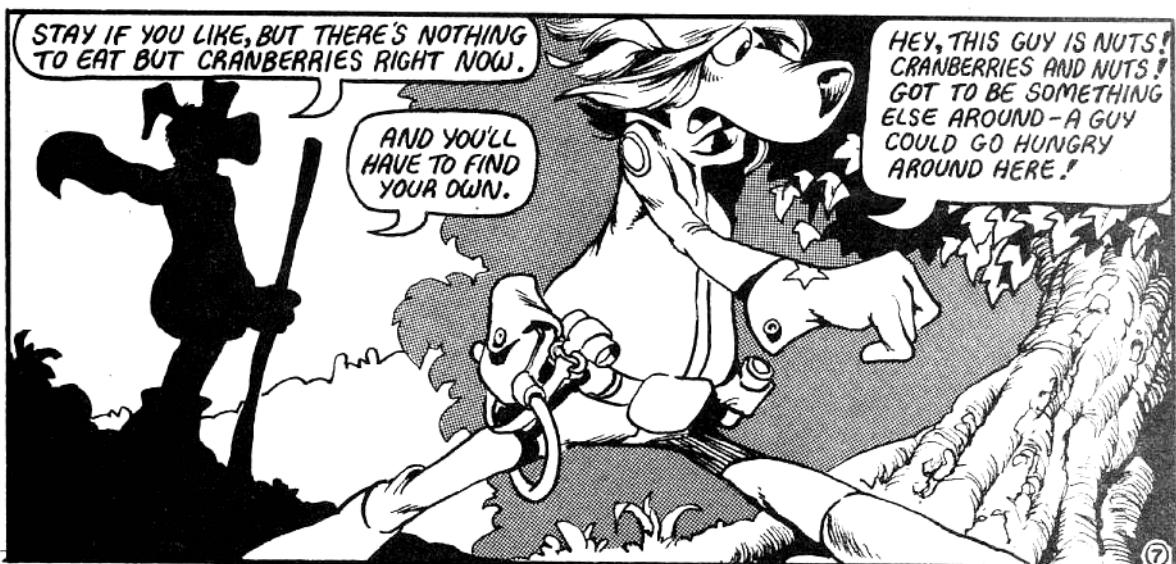
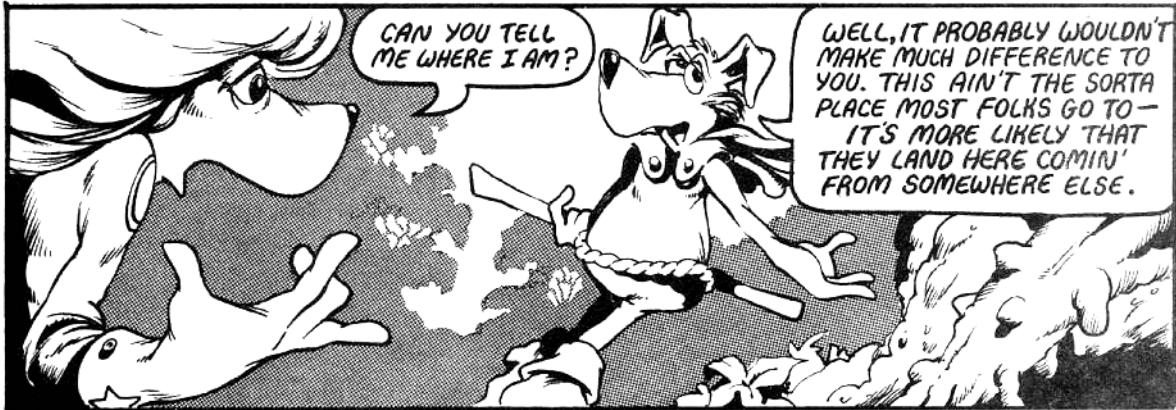
THIS PLANET IS LIKE NOTHING  
WITHIN A DOZEN PARSECS  
OF THE RESEARCH CENTER!



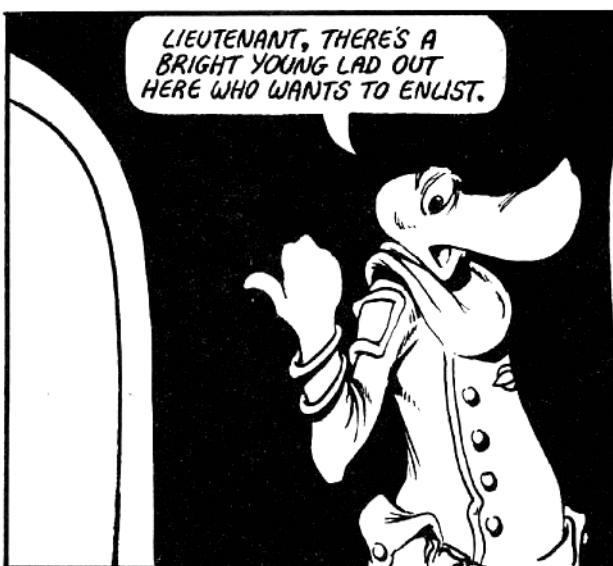
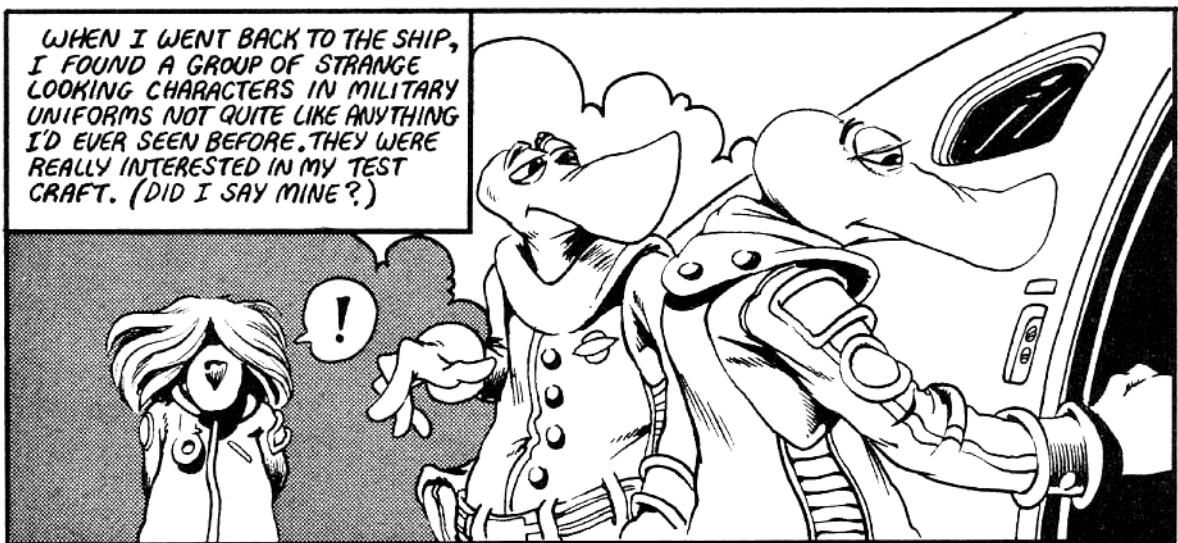
HAH! HAH! I DID IT!  
I REALLY DID IT!! I'M  
FOOTLOOSE AND FREE!  
EXCITING LIFE HERE I COME!







WHEN I WENT BACK TO THE SHIP, I FOUND A GROUP OF STRANGE LOOKING CHARACTERS IN MILITARY UNIFORMS NOT QUITE LIKE ANYTHING I'D EVER SEEN BEFORE. THEY WERE REALLY INTERESTED IN MY TEST CRAFT. (DID I SAY MINE?)



WELCOME ABOARD! AS YOU MAY RECALL, OUR HERO - NEWTON (THE RABBIT WONDER) WAS LAST SEEN "FLOATING" IN OUTER SPACE. WELL, IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE HE CAME BACK DOWN TO EARTH. BUT, ALAS, HE WAS HOMESICK! AND WHAT RABBIT WOULDN'T BE? HE WAS ANXIOUS TO RETURN TO THE BUNNIES HE LEFT BEHIND. HOWEVER - BEING THE SOFT TOUCH THAT HE IS, NEWTON WAS TALKED INTO BEING ACCCOMPANIED BY SHERMAN (THE WONDERING BOY). -- SO, JOIN US NOW AS OUR INTREPID DUO REACH THE END OF THEIR DIMENSIONAL JUMP FROM OUR EARTH IN A STORY WE SHALL CALL=

# THE RABBIT WONDER MEETS THE BARBARIAN BUNNY

"IN THE EVER WAGING BATTLE 'TWIXT ORDER and CHAOS THERE ARE MANY BRAVE and VALIANT WARRIORS and THERE IS ONE WHO IS THOUGHT TO BE --- A GOD ---"

"THE LAST OF A RACE OF KINGS and WARLOCKS - ERLIK, WHOSE NAME IS SPOKEN IN HUSHED TONES OF FEAR and AWE!"

"WITH HIS ENCHANTED SWORD, SOULSUCKER, ERLIK FIGHTS THE NEVER ENDING BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE and THE COSMIC WAY!"

-- DOOMSDAY CHRONICLES (AKA FINAL)

I'M GLAD I CAME WITH YOU, NEWTON. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE--

GEE, BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK HOME!

STORY & ART:  
STEVE LEIALOHA  
AND  
TARLAC

ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN  
CHANGED TO PROTECT  
THE INNOCENT

MICHAEL MORRISON





MASTER, MASTER!  
BAD NEWS CAME TODAY -  
THE WIZARD CAME BY  
AND TOOK HER AWAY!

STEADY YOURSELF,  
GOODFELLOW! - TOOK  
WHO AWAY?

THANOTINA!

TOOK HER AWAY? WITH FORCE?  
YOU MEAN HE CAME TO MY HOME,  
MY CASTLE, AND DARED TO  
ABDUCT MY FAIR LADY, THE  
BEAUTIFUL THANOTINA!!?

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING? WHAT ABOUT  
US?!

CLAM IT, CLOWN.

I DEMAND TO  
KNOW WHERE  
WE'RE GOING

OKOK! THE  
WIZARD'S  
DIES--  
DEATH  
CASTLE!

OH?  
I'M SORRY  
I ASKED!

COULD YOU HOLD THIS  
A SECOND?

SURE, I ...

YUP! SO WHAT'LL  
WE DO, HUH, BOSS?

OOOOH, IS HE  
GOING AGITATE IT...

SUDDENLY -

BACK NOBLE  
COMPANIONS!  
THE WIZARD  
BEGINS THE  
ASSAULT!

IT'S BEEN  
SNELL  
KNOWIN'  
YA, BOSS.

MMmmmm mmm???

FEAR NOT, FAITHLESS  
ONE! SEE HOW THE  
DEMONS RETURN  
FROM WHENCE  
THEY CAME...

THE WIZARD IS MERELY TESTING  
HIS NEWLY MISBEGOTTEN  
POWERS... USURPED FROM MY  
BELOVED, Thanotina...

SO, AS THE MINUTES DRAG INTO WHAT  
SEEM LIKE MINUTES, THE TREK  
IS ENDED...

BEHOLD!  
DEATH CASTLE!

THAT?  
YOU MUST  
BE JOKING!

ELRIK NEVER JOKES!

SO I GATHERED

Well, NOBODY HOME.  
LET'S GO...

SO! THE CURRENTS  
OF MAGIC SURROUND  
US! THIS IS TRULY A  
PLACE WHERE THE  
FORCES OF EVIL THRIVE,

MMMMMMMMMM!

HEAR ME, WIZARD!  
END THIS FOLLY AND  
RELEASE THANATINA!  
YOU CANNOT ELUDE ME!

ELRIK  
COMMANDS!

YEAH! SAME GOES  
FOR ME!



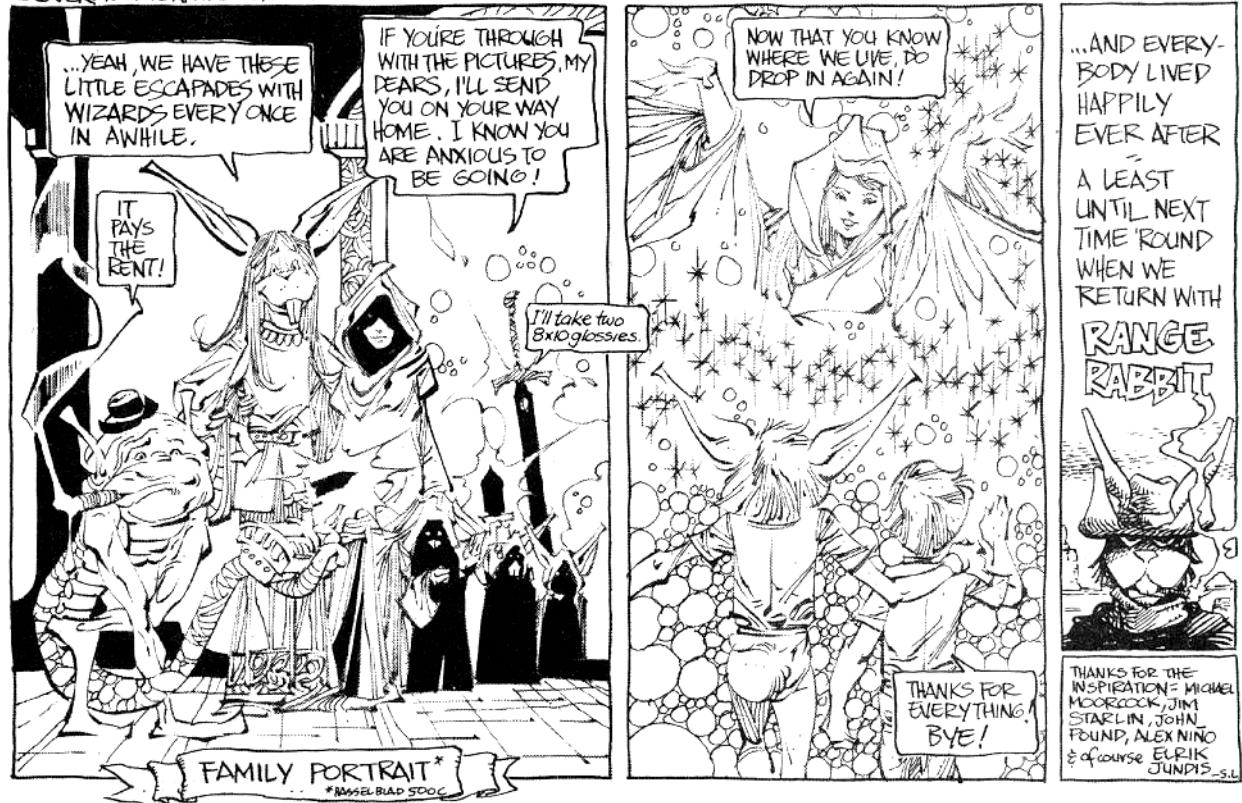
THE SIGHT OF HIS IMPRISONED BELOVED DRIVES A TRINO ELRIK TO RENEWED FURY ...







SEVERAL MONTHS LATER ...



A new  
genre...

The  
unique  
synthesis  
of  
underground  
and  
overground...

# GROUND LEVEL COMICS



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PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP #1-2-3  
QUACK #1-2-3

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